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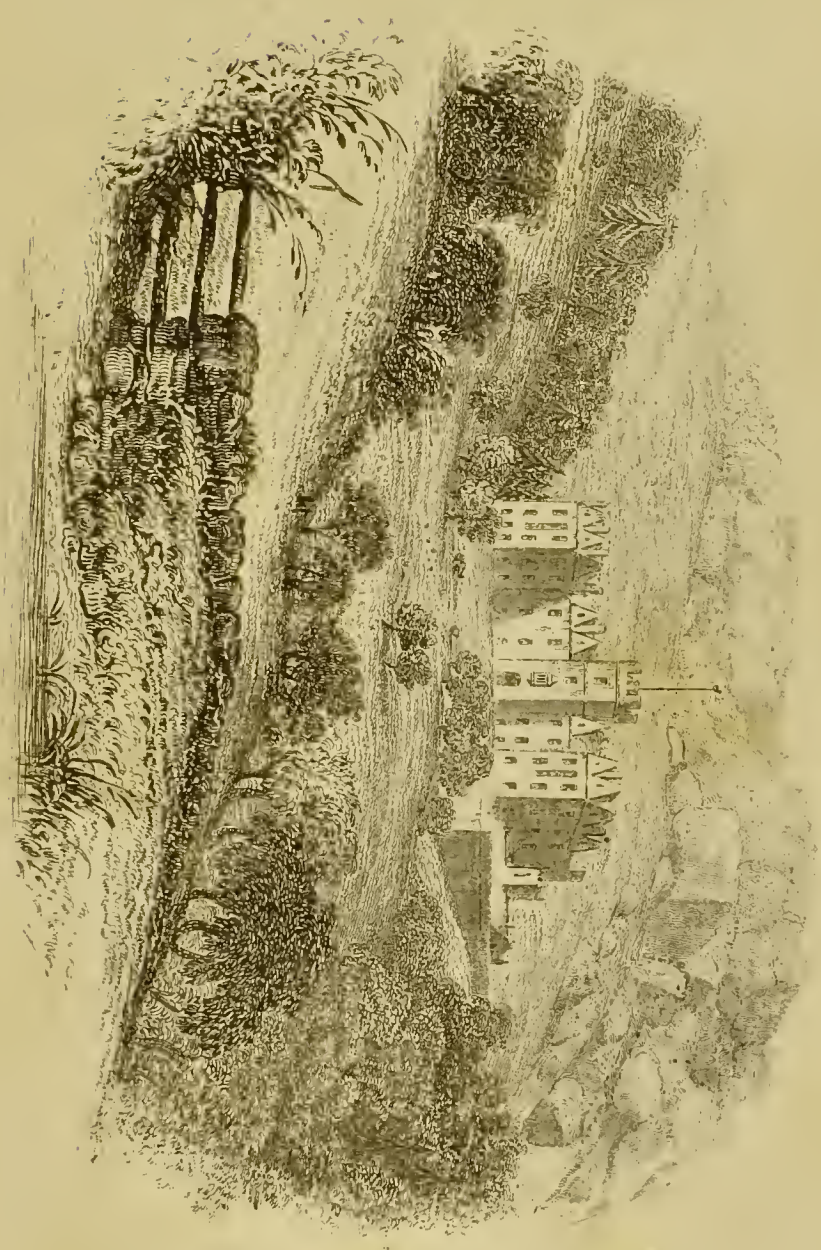
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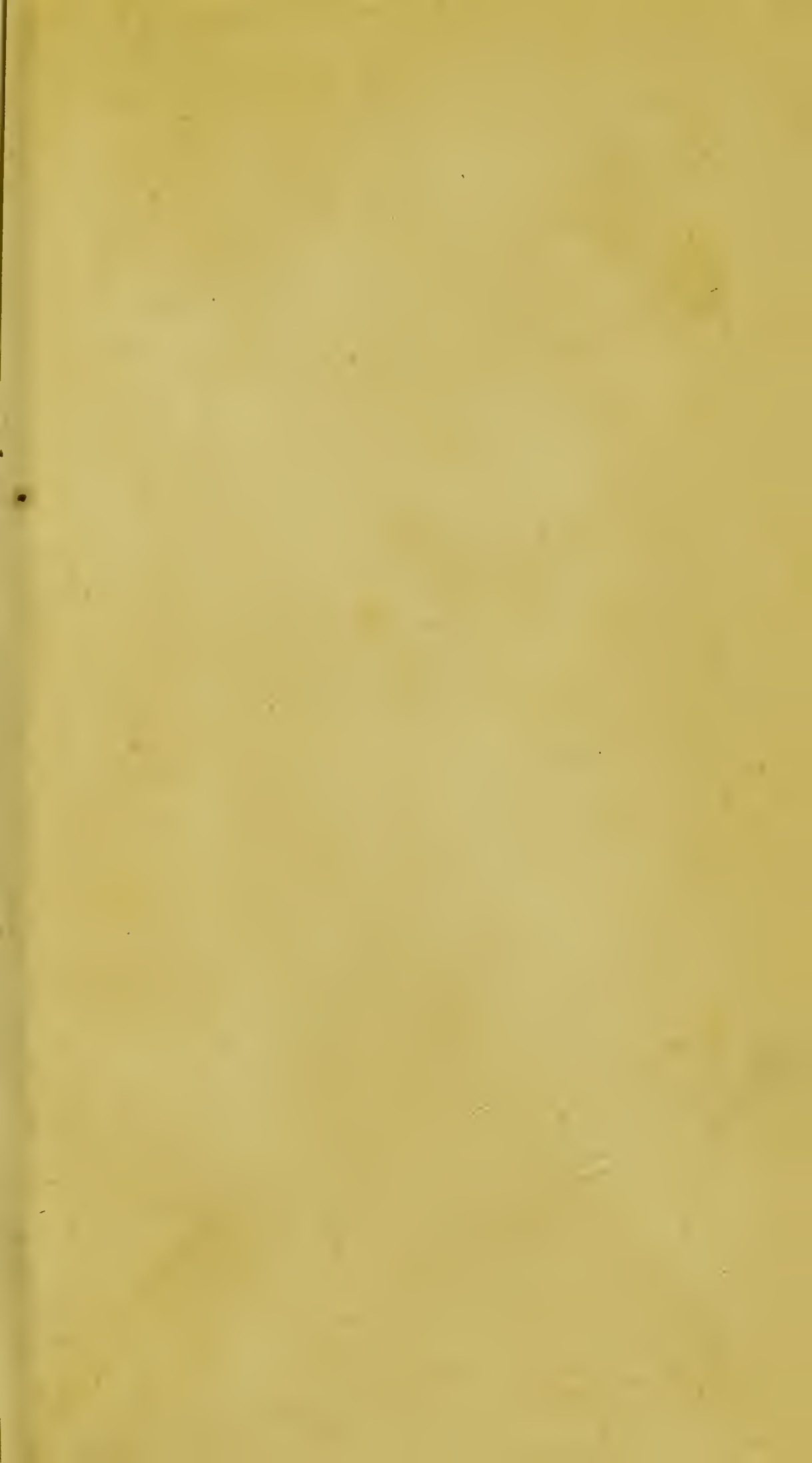
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BEN RHYDDING

AND

THE WATER CURE.

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P R E F A C E .

“BEN RHYDDING AND THE WATER CURE” is published that the profession and the public generally may be enabled to form a just opinion of the methods of treatment pursued under my direction. The Water Cure is an unfortunate term; but as it cannot now be given up, it is to be recognised, as far at least as regards Ben Rhydding, as comprehending the whole of the *Natural Therapeutic Treatment of Disease*, in contradistinction to the *medicinal treatment*. For while water is the principal agent employed, nevertheless other agents, fitted to develop the vital force and regulate the reactive energy, are needed. The water cure, when viewed in this light, forms a very large section of the science of medicine, and requires for its efficient and safe practice physicians of ability, education, and experience. It is to be regretted that the necessarily

crude views of the uneducated but able Priesnitz should still be advocated by many of his followers—for I feel certain that while the MERE “WATER DOCTOR” makes many excellent cures, he will assuredly, also, in many instances, produce much injury. Several results of this kind have been brought under my notice—results not to be placed against Hydro-pathy—but to condemn those one idead persons who see no salvation for the cure of disease out of water.

Being engaged in preparing a Work on the “Natural Therapeutic Treatment of Disease,” for the use of the medical profession, I thought it wiser to have this book compiled, than to write one of a similarly popular character myself. The works from which “Ben Rhydding and the Water Cure” is compiled are “Memorials from Ben Rhydding,” Dr. Russell’s Paper on the Water Cure; Ling’s Work on the Therapeutic Movements, and my Letter to Professor Simpson.

I conclude these few remarks with the following sentences, taken from the works of Sydenham, the Father of British physicians :—

“ I conceive that the advancement of medicine lies in the following conditions :—

“ There must be, in the first place, a history of the disease, in other words, a description that shall be at once graphic and natural. * * *

“ To draw a disease in gross is an easy matter. To describe it in its history, so as to escape the censure of the great BACON, is far more difficult.

“ It is necessary in describing any disease, to enumerate the peculiar and constant phenomena, apart from the accidental and adventitious ones ; these last named being those that arise from the age or temperament of the patient, and from the different forms of medical treatment. It often happens that the character of the complaint varies with the nature of the remedies, and that symptoms may be referred *less to the disease than to the doctor.* * * No
botanist takes the bites of a caterpillar as a characteristic of a leaf of sage. * * * *

“ The other method whereby, in my opinion, the art of medicine may be advanced, turns chiefly upon what follows, viz. :—that there must be some fixed, definite, and consummate *methodus medendi* (law or

method of cure), of which the common weal may have the advantage. By *fixed, definite, and consummate*, I mean a line of practice which has been based and built upon a sufficient number of experiments, and has in that manner been proved competent to the cure of diseases. I by no means am satisfied with the record of a few successful operations, either of the doctor or of the drug. I require that they be shown *to succeed universally under such and such circumstances.*"

May these sentiments be sown—may they germinate, grow, and produce, in the minds of all medical men, such fruits as will make medicine more perfect as a science, and more efficient as an art.

WILLIAM MACLEOD, M.D. F.R.C.P.E.

BEN RHYDDING,

OTLEY, YORKSHIRE.

BEN RHYDDING
AND
THE WATER CURE.

Section I.

IT was on an evening of leafy June, ANNO DOMINI 1850, that I first saw the valley of the WHARFE. Shattered in frame, my nervous system a wreck, and sick, most sick at heart, I had turned towards BEN RHYDDING in hope, but hope so faint and dull, that it rather seemed a mere transient lifting up of the cold cloud of despair. It was, indeed, a lovely evening, nor could even my deep disarrangement and want of sympathy with Nature and Truth withhold me from feeling its influences. I rode from Leeds in an open carriage; and the soft air rolling down the valley soothed me

as it fanned my cheek, like the touch almost of a mother's hand. Never shall I forget the moment when, on turning the heights above Otley, the splendour of sunset, glorifying the whole upper dale, burst upon my heart, and drew from it—depressed and wretched though I was—a throb and an aspiration belonging rather to the bye-gone times of childhood.

My illness was of long standing, and its secondary forms or consequences had become far more disastrous and menacing than itself. Five years ago I was stricken by a low nervous fever, the issue of profound and protracted anxieties, involving more than prosperity, or even life. As usual in such cases, sleep fled; and my physician, than whom a kinder never existed, fondled me with opiates. Intense irritation of the stomach—a frequent concomitant or result of such fevers—was likewise a sequel in my case; and it seemed necessary that the use of opiates and anodynes should be prolonged. At length was I reduced to reckon, as part of my daily food, a detestable mixture of deadliest

poison—a mixture whose composition I am most unwilling to tell, for never did demon put on more deftly the garments of an angel of light. Its early insidious soothings—who could forget them? How ethereal and soft those billows of luxurious ease flowing round and round the vexed body, and wooing pain to rest by the gentlest lullaby! Sleep under that anodyne is, at first, the sleep of a sinless infant, neither dreamful nor yet wholly unconscious—mingling with it that delicious feeling of pleasure in mere *being*, which the late metaphysician, Dr. Thomas Brown, considered a separate and distinctive *sense*. And it endowed me with such *strength* besides—power alike muscular and intellectual. Prostrate, as I might be, racked by pain, mind and body exhausted and prone—hand me that draught, and in one quarter of an hour I could face any danger, and contend with all difficulty. Not through *excitement* either, for there was none; the fearful compound merely possessed itself of the throne of Nature, dispensing therefrom, *not* the blessings of the rightful sovereign, but a counterfeit most skilful—so like the

real energy, indeed, that only some acute and experienced eye could detect the difference.

But the day of vengeance—of terrible although most fitting compensation—came swift; hideous MOKANNA raising the veil, so soon as the subjection of his mocked victim seemed complete. And through an appalling kind of propriety, the blow fell earliest on that very portion of my existence which was first soothed by the hollow promise of consolation—I mean the hours of sleep. No more those delicious zephyrs, as if from some land of bliss, freighted with repose. Sleep came indeed; at least, something different from the waking state, for verily I should not call it sleep. To the struggling and wearying hours through which, in this condition, it was my doom to pass, I owe the idea of what to my reader must appear a thing unintelligible, if not impossible—an *organized* or *systematic chaos*. In ordinary speech, chaos represents what by its very nature is the opposite of all organization and order; but that chaos into which I was now dragged nightly had some frightful and unmanageable order of its

own. Instead of looking like mere confusion or simple inert derangement, it seemed to reveal itself as a Titanic force, at war with peace, beneficence, and intelligence; raising up in sight of my poor spirit, as it lay supine, tremendous systems that no man could understand, and powers at which I could only gaze in horror. I shudder at the dimmest recollection of huge processions of things—shall I call them *things*?—motionless, frozen processions of ideas, images, conceptions never realised or realisable on earth—marching onwards in accordance with some inexplicable purpose and towards some inexplicable end; *lights*, too, there were,—tongues of flame, but without a flicker or symptom of life, so still were they: and unearthly, tumultuous heavings from below — not the movements of an active, healthful World, but arising in far-off, dread abysses, on whose blackness sun never shone.

It has been said, with singular truth, by DE QUINCEY, that the most impressive object in nature, whether for consolation or terror, is the human countenance. I believe I am constitutionally more than

usually susceptible to affections from this marvellous organisation ; I am the slave, for instance, of involuntary sympathies and antipathies ; there lie in my mind indeed, thence derived, fond recollections of Beings seen once, and then lost for all time ; and I have been warned occasionally, by the same monitor, against associations which must have brought both pain and shame ; in this way, for instance, I escaped connexion with a recent celebrated murderer. I presume there is no doubt as to *one* cause, at least, of the power thus resident in the countenance ; *there*, we have the most expressive and clearest exposition of the character of the SPIRIT ; through its subtle lineaments, Mind is projected outwards with peculiar force, throwing itself into close contact with other minds, especially if the observer be of an acute and sensitive nervous temperament. I had once a strange illustration of the truth of this theory. On a fine summer morning, between three and four o'clock, lying awake on my bed, I heard the sash of my window move, and after a brief interval, the simple catch of the shutter was thrown back by some mechanical contrivance from without. I waited expectant, and

in a few seconds, a face, stamped with iniquity, intent on desperate purpose, gazed into my room. It was a face of youth, far from ill-favoured, and certainly not wanting in intelligence; in so far as feature was concerned, it could not be called unpleasing; but that face, as, on leaping to the window, I met it for an instant opposed to mine, staring out from the midst of the morning, will haunt me as a vision of pure unveiled sin until my dying day. Now, in dreams, especially in those to which I have been referring, the countenance loses every *inexpressive* characteristic—nothing is meaningless. How I have heaved and fought as if for life, when my astonished soul lay transfixed before physiognomies laden with dread, determinate, but to me unknown significance! Happily, as the dream broke, consolation sometimes came even to my most utter misery; for, as if from a great distance, I would descry a STAR, growing and diffusing its radiance, until, as it approached, I came to recognise a glorified countenance profoundly cherished in earlier years, but long a portion of the unseen: the spell then burst asunder, and in blissful agony I awoke.

—Rash, unreflecting Men ! who, because of rackings of Body or fiends of the Mind, would betake to comforters such as these ! PAIN and SORROW ? Within this mysterious, sublunary dispensation, are not they also established forces, working incessantly at their allotted parts—purifying the soul by chastening, rousing it to manful struggle, evoking its slumbering might, and intensifying its energies ? Flee not, oh ! flee not the encounter, if, to escape, thou must descend from the high platform of duty, and by thine acts say scorn to the laws which govern our wondrous organisation ! Fear not, but fight on ! If thou art strong, shall not a loftier strength—all irrespective of victory—reach thee through the contest ? If thou art weak, surely the winds are tempered to the shorn lamb !

But *revenons*. Shrouded within the benignity of the setting sun, I first saw the towers of BEN RHYDDING. Emotions various and manifold are fain to rise up at the recollection ; but I would hasten rather to speak of my unexpected, almost marvellous, renovation. Received by the physician with his

accustomed frankness, I related my griefs, and the habits amidst which they had involved me.

Dr. MACLEOD proceeded to arrange for my deliverance by the *gradual method*. And now comes the really wonderful portion of my story. The cautious and skilful application of Hydropathy had on my constitution an influence so blessed, that, within the period of THREE WEEKS, I ceased to feel the need of stimulants and anodynes ! These brief three weeks sufficed, under skilful guardianship, to deliver me from a bondage consolidated during full five years ; and, what is perhaps yet more wonderful, I did not, at any period or step of the process, experience sensation of want, craving for what I could not obtain, or perceptible physical inconvenience. Before the power of the simplest practices, the disorganisation of a lustrum disappeared ; and my distracted nervous structure returned into consonance with truthfulness and health. I shall not explain at present by what special means I reached benefits so eminent,—postponing such discussion until I establish, two chapters onward, certain general principles in Hydropathy :

this, however, I may say, that never, in one single instance, was I subjected to pain or inconvenience. I soon walked through Wharfedale, as if I had been no invalid, and climbed hills before breakfast, gladly as of old, when few crags could affright me; affections of the Heart, which I had been told were organic, fled wholly away; and once more I felt that, with foot firm on the sod of our World, I could look upwards, and bless Heaven for the boon of simple existence.

And now, gentle Reader, as I and my personal affairs fade from your view, one sincere and parting word. Who I am you know not, and perhaps shall never know; neither may the facts I have spoken of, and of which I shall yet speak, be verifiable by aid of scientific chronology; but, in fullest consciousness that you and I alike belong to a scheme of things wherein Reality alone shall finally stand, I solemnly assure you that I have coloured nothing, and that my subsequent narratives shall all have the same tower-mark—the stamp of Truth. If, indeed, your interest in them has a root deeper than in mere

curiosity—if, an unhappy sufferer, you are casting uneasily about in search of the possibility of relief—I think I can safely say, that the verification of my every statement may be found laid up among the archives of BEN RHYDDING.

But hie we to the wondrous WELL itself :—I intend to sketch for you a few features of a Picture, on which, as a whole, it may hereafter be your fortune to gaze, and then to cherish in your memory as you would an Amulet.

Section II.

ON the slope of a hill, half way towards its broad embattled summit, stands the edifice of BEN RHYDDING. Behind the rocks which overhang it, an extensive moor—the collecting ground of its waters,—goes off to the south and west, stretching in one direction, with slight interruptions, as far as the neighbourhood of SKIPTON; and in front, the eye reposes on the fairest and most spacious of those parallel valleys which constitute the physical framework of the western regions of Yorkshire. It is clear from this even, that, in reference to one important attribute, the spot is well chosen as a shrine of HYGEIA; for, should the Sun beat too strongly on lower levels, refreshment may be had amid racy breezes on the uplands; and when Cold and storm are on the heath, there is shelter within the ornamented enclosures of the Mansion, and a still warmer climate by the placid banks of the WHARFE.

Much of the peculiar character of hilly districts springs from the immediate proximity, or rather *adjacency*, of barrenness and verdure; nay, it is, perhaps, on the proportions and other relations of these two elements that the æsthetic aspect of a country mainly depends. Among mountains like those of Westmoreland, &c., the fertile parts—limited in extent, being confined within small hollows or dells—are necessarily of subordinate influence; although they relieve very exquisitely and sweetly *humanize* the almost oppressive silence and solemnity around: but the landscape of which I write, bears to that of such districts few traces of resemblance. A sweep of lowland so commanding, ranging from east to west until, at each extremity, its barriers have become tinged with cerulean, cannot, like a few pleasant but interrupted enclosures, act only as a relief or pendant, but, on the contrary, must, with its own superb individuality, dominate over the scene. From a long and capacious basin of richest culture, filled from morn till eve with the light of the sun and the joy of birds, and only protected within its large and gracious retirement by two parallel lines

of hills, no Spirit can arise save that of the BEAUTIFUL; which accordingly fills the air, and broods over the whole earth. The fringes of rock and heath, which from below one traces along the heights, only quicken our apprehension of the pervading sentiment, as one colour is intensified by the presence of its opposite; or if these indications of neighbouring barrenness play any distinctive part, it is, that, as seeming frontiers of further indefinite and untamed expanses, they banish all feeling of confinement, and bar the approach of that sense of languor and satiety which sometimes creeps uneasily over us in the midst of endless unbroken luxuriance.

But why dwell with abstractions, or resort to philosophic anatomising, while living and breathing Wharfedale lies full before us? Not, certainly, so picturesque as Todmorden *once*—*i. e.*, in those times of the forefathers wherein neither staring red-brick factories, nor their very apposite chimneys, had been dreamt of as possible inmates of a valley little inferior in most respects to Italian Tivoli; neither are we arrested here by sullen crags or columns

reared by the giants, like those which build up the sublime terrors of Teesdale. Yet gaze on it, traveller! bare your soul before that gorgeous expanse, and tell me—through what lands soever you have wandered on your way to Ben Rhydding—whether there is not room there for the very best and largest which this whole world can ever make of you—whether you can reach a good thought not written out beforehand by the forms you are contemplating, or an inspiration which—purer and wider in the echo—Wharfedale sends not swiftly back? I have hung over this valley, at various hours and seasons, and in very different moods. I have lived with it in cloud and sunshine, when things were all gay, and again when all things—worlds, too, farther off than the visible—seemed averse or in weeds; and I have now honestly to declare—(premising, O charitable PUBLIC! that I possess not one square inch of land within the wide area of Yorkshire, and, moreover—although this may strike you as exceedingly surprising—that I cannot boast of the meanest fraction of a share in the establishment of Ben Rhydding)—yes, notwith

standing, and in sound faith, I declare, that did pleasure allure or grisly care pursue me, there is not a spot towards which I would sooner turn my steps, not in broad England. Do you call this extravagance, and insist on systematic proof? Must I, to convince an incredulous generation, specify, broker-like, the shapes and sizes of my separate wares? Quiet DENTON, for instance,—shall it be discoursed of after the manner of some fussy GEORGE ROBINS? “English scene—perfect. Historic associations essential to first-class mansions—manifold. Domain of old General FAIRFAX; possessed at present by eminent Manufacturer—light or shadow perhaps from times of Commonwealth; as to *which* of the two, settle as you please. Lines of fine wood; park, elegant, studded with trees, private—scrupulously; frequented by deer, not by *mobs*: Wharfe in foreground, winding, silvery; trout protected—poachers imprisoned: villages, hedgerows, towers and spires—English, very. Catholic chapel at Otley, superb, pleasant to Puseyites; Addingham, dissent, meeting-houses—agreeable to many others!”—Empty sounds, sweet DENTON! Emptiest when most magniloquent;

for amid silence only can the heart enjoy the fulness of thy soft repose ! And also in silence, undisturbed by pretending speech, look we from the upper grounds of Ben Rhydding, or, better still, from the Roman mound above STEAD, along that gorgeous scoop towards the east, whether the clouds are careering over it—literally *painting* it most variously by their shadows—or the morning Sun has challenged an undisputed sway. Difficult, perhaps, in this case, to restrain utterance of emotion, for the valley is exultant, the scene vaster—rising into grandeur. Then bear your joyousness to the Moors,—the sporting-ground of the blackcock and the breeze ; but, ere day's Master terminates his course, return and behold him descending among the contours which veil that shy enclosure of Craven. I speak not now of supernatural splendours, of majestic arrays of clouds, opening and again folding in, covering their Monarch's glorified departure,—these not being peculiar or confined to Wharfedale ; but find me the counterpart of that western Valley ? Exquisite itself, its forms soft as evening, the woods and hedgerows fringing the silver river, thrown by effect of foreshortening into masses

of varied and subdued luxuriance,—the whole shape and posture of that graceful concave appear as if planned so that it receive with outstretched arms, and embosom all celestial influences. Singularly various these are ! Sometimes, when the storm-cloud behind piles up wild Alp on Alp—Pelion, by Titanic force, heaved on the top of Ossa—how wonderful the intermixture of gloom and beauty, smiles withdrawing into something more awful than sadness, repose startled within its chartered dwelling-place, by the apparition of that dark, impenetrable, pall-like background which enshrouds all Life and Knowledge. The blackness, however, is only momentary ; for behold it now ! Light unmingled from the setting Sun, streaming through it all, filling it, by aid of a half-transparent vapour, as if with an atmosphere of gold, and tinting every tree, every leaf, with that rare yellow green which makes evening at any season autumnal.—Right in so far was the poet—

“ Lady ! we do receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does Nature live.”

And strange tales I have heard in corroboration ;
how the best places of the earth—starred midnight

itself—have been seen, and yet not seen, the eye being filled with emptiness : nevertheless Nature is never altogether passive ; if at first she gives not of herself, she at least woos us to give ; and I think, however cross the Lady, or pre-occupied with landscapes of Lace and Ludgate Hill, I might venture to lay her down to look on that loveliness, in rational if not sanguine hope of her finally moving homeward in calmness, perhaps in penitence ; possessed, it may be, by some new and strange desire, that—like the fascinated bridegroom of the gray-haired mariner—at once sadder and wiser she may wake to-morrow morn !

I dwell thus especially on the character and scenery of Ben Rhydding, not merely to enjoy again the pleasures I have thence derived, far less because I would indite irrelevant eulogies ; but chiefly on account of this—that to be environed by natural forms, fitted to silence irritation, and to stimulate by their variety, is at once a distinctive and a signal Hygienic attribute of the place. With the same object, it would delight me to overpass the limits of Wharfedale, journeying towards neighbouring spots

of beauty and interest, which from this central point one can visit, alone or in company, and return, in a single day. I might speak, for instance, of HAREWOOD, a superb Italian villa, with corresponding Gardens, in themselves exquisite—although it might be questioned by the sensitive how far such things can ever harmonise with the shifting ærial masses which constitute a prominent and inseparable feature of the pure English landscape. Then there is FOUNTAIN'S ABBEY, still the skeleton of a complete Fane and Monastery, with their appliances; and elsewhere groves, and woods, and panoramas without number. Time and Space, however, are niggard alike, but discussions await us; wherefore I shall linger only within the Valley of CRAVEN, whose opening we have already seen, nestling beneath the sunset.

It is requisite to drive along the banks of the Wharfe, perhaps for an hour before one fairly enters a region never to be forgotten. The common mode of reaching it, however, after arriving at the Devonshire Arms, or—in some respects still better—at the

White Cottage Inn, at the opposite end of the bridge, is not, in my opinion, the best. Without alighting, or yielding to the seductions of that tempting White Cottage, pass it, following the highway for awhile, and then strike into a country road on the left, leading to the STORITHS. Amidst this deserted village, or rather these relics of a village, a mound rises to a considerable height—it is a little hill, or hillock. The ascent demands no effort: but from the summit a scene spreads out which would repay much effort. We are now descrying the more classic Highlands of Yorkshire—scenes of raid and legend, which echo still to the horn of the huntsman. *There*, only a little onward, are Rylston Fell and Barden Fell; and many distant summits, tinged with blue, shoot up beyond. But the attraction of the place is connected only incidentally with the mountains; it concentrates within that narrow valley below, through which the Wharfe rolls down, guarded at the top by old gray Barden Tower, once a residence of warrior CLIFFORDS, but in the end—more fittingly—of the SHEPHERD LORD. It is a strip some miles in length, and of symmetry so perfect that one

marvels, as it strikes the eye, at the ease with which Nature moulds her wildest luxuriance into the Beautiful, fulfilling by her marvellous spontaneity the requirements of the highest Art. How skilfully that foliage is disposed! Now in impenetrable masses, pressing in from both sides, overshadowing and hiding the river; then opening out to display it, as if proud of what it concealed; again retiring further back, giving place to patches of meadow; and always so finely adapting itself, perhaps with a certain aid from man, to the contours and genius of the place! For days have I wandered within those woods, living with the flowers and trees, as Time—ever gentle there—flowed by unheeded; nor, though unmarked by striking thought or deed of might, were the hours I cared not to count, either to Body or Mind perchance unfruitful. But descend from the hill of the Storiths, and along that narrow lane, seek once more the river's edge. Leaving it by a wicket, we stand on the top of a deep sloping bank; when—through the branches of the oak trees, forming a natural but most suitable and even artistic *setting*—*there*, on a fair meadow below,

enclosed by a large circuit of the river—there, in glorious decay, attended by all graceful and fond benignities, is

Bolton Priory.

Yes! there, the reverent pile—reverent in its ruins, whispering audibly still, of sin and penitence, humility and peace. EDWIN LANDSEER! And is it so? In the name of thine own high Genius and thy large Humanity, fie upon thee! Return! Listen to Wharfe's murmur, and the sigh of the wind, and all the influences of this vocal spot—listen, and straightway destroy that libellous picture! Man, indeed, lived here; and with him, shortcomings and imperfections many-hued and in multitudes; but the Expiation has long been complete, and the Iniquity forgiven; the prayers of ancient Age, and praise from the lips of Childhood—such the sounds which, flowing down from the Past, surround old BOLTON now; sounds, sweet though sad, fitting to hover around it, as it passes onwards to dissolution—that dissolution whose germ is ever deepest within the bosom of what is most Beautiful, but

which speaks less of death than of change—of worlds to come, and their golden climes—

“ Climes that the Sun, who sheds the brightest day
Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey !”

It is strange how seldom one finds any object, great or small, *truthfully* painted. (We have quitted the Storiths now, and as we pass up the valley through those sequestered glades, it cannot harm us to *moralise*.) It is strange, I say, how rarely one finds any object truthfully painted. Think, for instance, of the works of your Portrait-Painters ; a *genus* belonging to which, there are not, so far as I know, more than some dozen existing Individuals who ever thought of a human countenance, except as a group of four features with chin underneath, and a flat rectangular surface above. Nor certainly have more than half that number dreamt at any time of the true and dread significance of that wondrous emblem ; or felt, as with fluent pencil they fixed down its lineaments, that they were dealing with a record and a prophecy,—with a dark but significant hieroglyphic of a life-struggle between joy and woe ; the effect, transient only to the outward eye, of defeats

and deceitful victories—of hopes shrinking when winter is nigh, to branch out again with spring, and evermore to wither—of strength fallen into weakness, griefs whose furrow is the deeper because Pride and Will had so fain that they lay hidden ;—all combining into one impressive portent of an unseen yet fixed To-COME !—What tons of bedaubed canvas shall indeed be shrivelled by that wild crackling fire in which—according to the creed of Mr. Carlyle—all lies, and shams, and gigs, are doomed to be caught at last and whirled away, perchance with bales of pamphlets he knows of, already dry as tinder, and withered as the fig-tree. Now, the fault is not with the mere artist-work or the *painting* ; unspeakably less, certainly, than with the *seeing*. It is not easy to attain to accuracy in representing even *dead* forms ; but to feel, to define, and then to pourtray the significance, the living principle of a *living* form—*hic labor, hoc opus* ! The comparatively modern origin of that department of *Æsthetics* which contemplates the external Universe as a mirror in which the mind may discern its own wondrous longings and emotions, is the best pos-

sible excuse for an inexpressive painting; inasmuch as it shows, that the mystery required, for its unriddling, the most advanced culture. The Greeks, for instance, great as they were, had no descriptive poetry of this special kind; although, in their own strange way, viz., by their machineries of Nymphs and Fairies, &c., they have recorded their feeling that somehow Nature is alive. Neither to our own Immortals of the elder days, did the World of Forms speak as now. To SPENSER's ear, more perhaps than to any other, some of its deeper notes were revealed; but I venture to say, that the entire *Faëry Queen*, does not contain in this respect so much truth and insight as one finds in many a modern writer.—I am to quote a few exquisite *morceaux*; not, indeed, for any mere general purpose, but because they explain the sights my Reader shall see, and render articulate the voices which ever and anon will encircle him, as, by a path I should vainly attempt to describe otherwise, he finds his way towards BARDEN. *First*, a handful of flowers from WORDSWORTH's luxuriant prairie;—no one for whom, in my own way, I am now writing a “handbook,”

will, after exploring Craven, ask *why* I have gathered
these :—

* * * *

“ A convent, even a hermit’s cell,
 Would break the silence of this Dell :
 It is not quiet, it is not ease ;
 But something deeper far than these :
 The separation that is here
 Is of the grave ; and of austere
 Yet happy feelings of the dead :

* * * * *

Perhaps it was a bower, beneath whose leaves
 The violets of five seasons reappear
 And fade, unseen by human eye ;
 Where fairy water-breaks do murmur on
 For ever ; and I saw the sparkling foam,
 And—with my cheek on one of these green stones
 That, fleeced with moss, beneath the shady trees
 Lay round me, scatter’d like a flock of sheep—
 I heard the murmur and the murmuring sound
 In that sweet mood when pleasure loves to pay
 Tribute to ease ; and, of its joys secure,
 The heart luxuriates with indifferent things,
 Wasting its kindliness on stocks and stones
 And on the vacant air.

* * * * *

An obscure retreat

Open’d at once, and stay’d my devious feet.
 While thick above the rill the branches close,

In rocky basin its wild waves repose,
 Inverted shrubs, and moss of glowing green,
 Cling from the rocks, with pale wood weeds between;
 Save that aloft the subtle sunbeams shine
 On wither'd briars that o'er the crags recline,
 Sole light admitted here; a small cascade,
 Illumes with sparkling foam the impervious shade;
 Beyond, along the vista of the brook,
 Where antique roots its bustling course o'erlook,
 The eye reposes on a secret bridge,
 Half gray, half shagg'd with ivy to its ridge,
 Whence hangs, in the cool shade, the listless swain,
 Lingering behind his disappearing wain."

Next, a few stanzas from TENNYSON, descriptive of that *wood* once before visited by great DANTE,—the wood whose sombre shadows lead onwards from Time to the realm beyond—from life amidst flesh and blood, towards the Shades. Neither here nor elsewhere does the solemn Florentine expend one word on external detail; he merely states the effect which the whole had upon him, but this so powerfully, that we cannot escape his gloom,—

“ Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita
 Mi ritrovai per una selva oscura,
 Chè la dritta via era smarrita.
 Ahi quanto a dir quel era è cosa dura

Questa selva selvaggia ed aspra e forte,
Che nel pensier rinnova la paura !
Tanto è amara, che poco è più morte.*

How different TENNYSON ! Not the darkness merely, nor the wood's roughness, but every feature, every flower of it, warns the poet whither his footsteps are bending; he interprets every form presented to him; he comprehends the *details* of the picture,—

“At last methought that I had wander'd far
In an old wood ; fresh-wash'd in coolest dew;
The maiden splendours of the morning star
Shone in the steadfast blue.

Enormous elm-tree boles did stoop and lean
Upon the dusky brushwood underneath
Their broad curved branches, fledged with clearest green,
New from its silken sheath.

The dim red morn had died, her journey done,
And with dead lips smiled at the twilight plain,
Half-fallen across the threshold of the sun
Never to rise again.

* Thus rendered by Dr. Carlyle:—"In the middle of the journey of our life I found myself in a dark wood; for the straight way was lost. Ah! how hard a thing it is to tell what a wild, and rough, and stubborn wood this was, which in my thought renews the fear; so bitter is it, that scarcely more is death."

There was no motion in the dumb dead air,
 Not any song of bird or sound of rill;
 Gross darkness of the inner sepulchre
 Is not so deadly still

As that wide forest. Growths of jasmine turn'd
 Their humid arms, festooning tree to tree,
 And at the root thro' lush green grasses burn'd
 The red anemone."

Lastly, one other strain of the "magic music,"—a strain one understands all the better for having lingered beside that Priory; but which surely Mr. Burkit had never heard, when he sent out, on elephant folio, the bald architectural forms he has presumed to term a picture of Bolton. I refer to those lines of finish and feeling, as perfect, perhaps, as any within the whole range of poetry,—

"He who hath bent him o'er the dead,
 Ere the first day of death is fled—
 The first dark day of nothingness—
 The last of danger and distress
 (Before Decay's effacing fingers
 Have swept the lines where beauty lingers),
 And mark'd the mild angelic air,
 The rapture of repose that's there,
 The fix'd yet tender traits that streak
 The langour of the placid cheek,

And—but for that sad shrouded eye
That fires not, wins not, weeps not now;
And but for that chill, changeless brow,
Where cold Abstraction's apathy
Appals the gazing mourner's heart,
As if to him it could impart
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon:
Yes, but for these and these alone,
Some moments, ay, one treacherous hour
He still might doubt the tyrant's power;
So fair, so calm, so softly seal'd,
The first, last look by death reveal'd!
Such is the aspect of this shore—
'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more!
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start, for soul is wanting there.
Hers is the loveliness of death,
That parts not quite with parting breath;
But beauty with that fearful bloom,
That hue which haunts it to the tomb,
Expression's last receding ray,
A gilded halo hovering round decay,
The farewell beam of Feeling pass'd away!
Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,
Which gleams, but warms no more its cherish'd earth!"

But, let us on. Rising far above the old gray tower, we approach the rugged summit of the loftiest elevation in the district, named by the people, *Symon's Seat*. A wild place—large and free;

room on it for pic-nics and all possible vanities and varieties of mind and life; its canopy is the universal one. Around, lies the finest panorama in Yorkshire; inferior to few in England. Should the horizon be clear, the eye may scan distinctly some thirty or fifty miles in every direction. Canfell, Stokefell on the north; slightly to the west, Penygant and Ingleboro, between which and us, lurks a most curious place—Bardley Moor; more nearly west is the flat top of Pendel Hill; then Bury in Lancashire; Clayton Taylor to the south; almost easterly are heights in the neighbourhood of York; then round by Humbledon again to the north:—pasture, hill, and moor, slightly interspersed with culture, occupy the vast expanse. Man and his history and achievements are subordinate in such a place; nay, they seem as *incidents*, and we may forget them wholly: grander Powers are around; Energies, whose products are mountains and valleys—which fashion the contours, and govern the evolution of Worlds.—Strange, after all, this Human Mind! Amid things so much mightier in semblance than itself, the first notion it alights

on, is that of *instability* again. This wide and uptossed country dwindles beneath its immense conceptions, into one transient phase of the ceaseless ever-sounding ocean: but the thought, that all things pass, is united with an element of sadness no longer. The sphere of sin and incompleteness, of limited misery and strife, reaches not so high as this; we are within the undisturbed, the uninvaded domain of an Infinite Spirit, which, though ever operating, soars above all Time and Space—resting safe from vicissitude amidst its own enduring Unchangeableness.

The shadows are now falling towards the east, and we must homewards. One glance just at a weird spot by the way. Somewhere; I shall not—through salutary terror of *pic-nics*—say exactly where; somewhere, not far from the bottom of the mountain we are descending, is a place very limited in extent, and so far from noticeable externally, that even a careful traveller may easily miss it—a little *grove* (*ἄλσος* rather, at once a *grove* and a *religious sanctuary*)—which has no companion in my memory. I have said that the spot is a confined one; the base of an

ordinary house would cover it all: it is a circular opening at the foot of a slight but picturesque waterfall, endowed so graciously alike in its forms and foliage, so possessed by the very spirit of peace, that one may linger there for hours, and never think of the wider world. It is in truth a "faery dell." The trees, some of them at least, are no doubt very old, for they are covered with dark moss; although, because of their eagerness to catch the sun-light, they must have sprung up hastily, and therefore have tall, thin stems. The oldest are oaks; beside which are birches, and ash, and the mountain ash; the delicate leaves of these last intermingle above, and thus, shutting out the glare of day, complete the retirement of the place. Silence and twilight! Broken or loosed branches do not fall down here, but hang as they were broken, and become overgrown by moss. The stealthy lichen creeps over the stones; parasitic plants clasp every tree; tenderest ferns, which any wind would kill, sprout forth luxuriantly. The sound of the waterfall, an almost imperceptible rustling among the leaves, and at times a stray beam from the sun, slanting downwards as it would into a cloister,—all

else is motionless. A nun, with her purest thoughts, might seek this shelter, and when she would worship the most silently; nay, it is often hard to believe that the air around is not filled with such thoughts, whisperings of guardian *genii*. Assuredly, in days of old, this place had not been nameless, or without an inhabitant; but alas now for the grove and its shrine!—

“The oracles are dumb;
No voice or mystic hum
Rings through the arched roof with words deceiving;
Apollo, from his shrine,
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the sleep of Delphos leaving.”

Section III.

ANCIENT, and, I suppose, veracious annals, have recorded, that, to secure enduring fame, a certain man once upon a time set fire to the Temple of Ephesus. But the neglectful world erected, notwithstanding, no statues to his memory; which, however, I esteem a slight ingratitude, compared with the indifference with which the same saucy world has treated the claims of a genius still more notable, who recked as lightly of Temples, more august and gorgeous by far than structures of marble or altars of silver and gold, and who, were renown co-extensive with desert, would have long held a place among the PENATES of every family. Critically speaking indeed, I am not satisfied whether the Notability in question was really ever encased within a human individuality, or if, as in these days they

say of old HOMER, he be not rather a MYTH—a sort of upper surface or froth of the medical science of Antiquity, as Homer was the cream of all ancient song: *thus far*, however, the fact is unquestionable, that somewhere up amid the mists of the Ages, appeared a fertile, if rather singular dogma, declaring that derangements or diseases of the human frame ought, for the sake of the liberty of science, to be held as certain abstract and independent existences—interlopers from without, *loafers*, as the Americans designate one species of their dangerous classes—ever ready to pounce upon and plunder alike wary and unwary, but with which the unfortunate Man to whom they cling for the time, has—beyond enduring their depredations—literally nothing whatever to do. Measured by its consequences, how great this idea! Diseases flocking like savage beasts through the world—various, countless, and incessantly renewed; fresher, too, and more vigorous at every succeeding hour,—what a foe in a clear field; how superb the occasion for medical strength and strategy! Disembarrassed of concern about the *person attacked*—the person technically denominated the Invalid—how

unencumbered the action of the HEALING ART, how definite its problems, unswerving its purpose, and immense its resources! A disease? Poison it, if you can; if you cannot, starve it, or consign it to the guillotine! For poisons suitable, ransack all earth and air; whatever is deadliest among flowers, or most noxious among the minerals of the globe, extract it, hoard it up, apply it by ounces or hundredweights—poison, poison the disease! Is torture necessary? Invent the blister or cautery! A more summary process? Then for the lancet!—Look at that unsightly *pleurisy*—overgrown, hideous before gods and men—down with it; no quarter; open every vein; out with the last drop of blood! Vexing if—through feebleness of constitution—the *Man* die before the pleurisy is killed, for then Science would be thwarted; unfortunate should his *dies supremus* occur accidentally soon afterwards, for scoffers are rife now, and prate about men *dying of the Doctor*: at all events let the pleurisy be exterminated, and the victory of Science achieved!

We live in an age of Heresies. No institution

however venerable, no dogma however ancient, is sacred now; nay, not longer than a few months ago, an eminent London physician issued a work bearing the title, *The Human Frame, and its Connexion with Man*. With the contents of the curious volume I am not conversant; but probably it is a formal attack on the doctrine we have been speaking of: an elaborate proof, perhaps, that you cannot tear off a man's scalp without touching his temper; that if you poison his liver, or fill him in every vein and vessel with mercury and iodine, you run some hazard of affecting his health and happiness. But earlier in date, and more daring in expression, were certain popular hesitations and scepticisms, whose history I wish I had time to trace, down to its point of culmination. There seems, indeed, an inveterate contrast between the popular mind and the scientific, in regard of such matters. How often, for instance, has history recorded of codes of law, eminent for scientific beauty, and profoundly cherished therefore by Rulers and philosophic Jurists, failing nevertheless and crumbling to the ground, before rude questioning of their *objects*—the amount of happiness they secure, the

kind of progress they facilitate? Valetudinarianism is not a luxury which a poor man appreciates; life is a blessing to him, and health needful, so that he earn the daily bread he prays for: the doctrine of the independence of the human frame, or its non-connexion with man, could therefore scarcely be a favourite with that rough and practical class. Science might kill disease; but if it did not preserve life and insure strength, how little its import to the man desirous to live, and requiring to work that he may live! Tidings, too, had gone abroad concerning truths of unquestionable reality, although disowned by the logic of Science. These plants and animals; *they* have no immunity from disease, and yet, without medicine, they grow, nay, grow gloriously—accomplish their course and functions, and, then only, pass away and give place. Suppose you wound a tree. Return after an interval, and, in all probability, the wound has disappeared. Notice, again, that feverish kid. Is it a favourite? Then let it alone, for the brook is near; and although you know not the how or the wherefore, the kid got well. To make or mend the drapery of the lily, do you

seek the aid of a Bond-street artist? Look at the ineffable mechanism of your own frame;—is the building of a structure like *that*, within the capacity even of the designer of your Crystal Palace? Lay bare any fragment of that wondrous organism—say a portion of one of its canals; strengthen your vision by the microscope; observe those structures multiplying so miraculously, descending through minute and minute, until you reach a new and unexpected Infinite—one fraught with convolutions more complex and beautiful even than the contents of that other infinite of the stars. Where is the venturous hand that shall intermeddle with such organism? Or who—in full consciousness that every one of these all but invisible fibres is essential to the play and integrity of the machine—shall yet treat that canal as he would an insentient conduit, and in the name of what he calls a Healing Art, propel through it floods of poison, drugs repulsive to all nature, things whose very existence is one of the world's oppressive mysteries? Is there, indeed, no better aid for derangements of this mechanism, than in the probes, the lancets, the *black draught* of that scien-

tific old man in spectacles? Where, then, is its Contriver—the Artist that built it up; at whose command and under whose guidance a dim germ unfolded into a thing so exquisite; through whose power, rude matter has been changed into these wonderful convolutions; who has preserved that framework through so many varying phases, and adapted it to all circumstances and ages? Surely in the Energy which achieves these things—in that VITAL FORCE, or however otherwise we designate it, there should be power enough to remove, in its own marvellous but safest way, all trifling obstructions? That mysterious agency, which keeps our earth carpeted with verdure; which rears its forests, covers its prairies with flowers or golden corn; which vivifies every animal as well as Man,—has *it* no strength to overcome certain partial and temporary disorders, by methods consistent with the well-being of its creations? “NATURE,” said old Hippocrates, “IS THE PHYSICIAN OF DISEASES”—a maxim to be engraven on the lintel of every temple of the Healing Art, and whose significance has, in happy hour, once more been recognised among mankind.

HYDROPATHY is an unfortunate name ; it signifies water-suffering or water-disease, Neither is the term *Water-cure* rightly descriptive of a revolution which will soon possess itself of the greater portion of the domain of Medicine. The true principle of that revolution is the following:—*The effective curative agent in diseases is emphatically the energy which we term the VITAL FORCE—that Energy of Life which assimilates external matter with our organism, and sustains its complex functions.* The principle, be it observed, involves no theory regarding the ultimate nature of the VITAL FORCE ; far less does it rest its authority on obscure and doubtful speculations. It assumes merely what is patent alike to gentle and simple—what was reverently acknowledged by HIPPOCRATES of old, and has not been often denied since—viz., that there is such a *Power* ; and that an agency which, within the realm of Nature, plays so distinguished a part, may be, and actually is, endowed with strength enough to carry out its proper purposes, to sweep away obstacles which menace or withstand these, and to repair the wrongs and injuries occasioned by the accidental interference of

any conflicting energy. This capacity to repair, has been termed the *vis medicatrix*, or the curative power of Nature; rightly in so far, although the phrase must be guarded from misconstruction. The *vis medicatrix* is not any separate or substantive power, whose especial duty it is to watch over and amend: it is, on the contrary, merely an expression for the *persistency* of the vital force itself—its resolve to accomplish its end and maintain its functions. And so complete, so essentially self-sufficing, is this energy, for the requirements of its apportioned sphere, that, unless for a peculiarity in the nature of Man, we would have considered a Medical Science to protect and supplement it, not more rational or needful than some ingenious scheme for drugging the power of Gravitation itself. I have referred already to the realm of Vegetation: look yet more closely among those inferior insects, protected by a wonderful system of Instincts, elaborated, by their proper Vitality, for its own guardianship and preservation; how little disease is *there*, how faint the traces of disturbance or irregularity; nothing save that visible tendency towards Death, which is the

destiny of whatever is Finite. What, then, the specialty with regard to Humanity? Even the existence of FREE-WILL—the fact that our fates are, in so far, in our own keeping—that, to the privilege of surveying vast Nature with intelligence, and comprehending and using her laws, the responsibility necessarily attaches of employing both Will and Intelligence *aright*, of discerning and obeying those immutable principles, in harmony with which alone we can attain happiness. By this specialty of his being, Man is elevated into the guardian of himself; but, for that very reason, he may do wrong, thwart the laws of his existence, and insure disarrangement and misery. Not over the character of the VITAL FORCE, but over the circumstances essential to its free action, his Will and Intelligence have absolute control. Through ignorance or culpable caprice, he may obstruct that energy, he may permanently enfeeble it, he may destroy it even, and so commit suicide. To *prevent* the occurrence of such faults, is the aim of that philosophy which unfolds the laws and conditions within which our vitality operates; but after *these* are broken, and

weakness and positive disease flow from systematic disregard of them, our only resource is in a *Healing Art*, varied in its appliances, though simple and direct in its aims. Now it would appear that, in such an Art, or rather in the Science from which it springs, two canons ought ever to be held fundamental and inviolable; the one *negative* and the other *positive*. *First*, it should be imperatively forbidden that the Physician, under pretence of cure, or even of transient relief, resort to practices capable of further enfeebling that languid or obstructed Vital Energy. And why? Simply because disease is virtually the result of such obstruction or languor; and though apparent relief were the immediate consequence of additional depletion, it is not in the nature of things that such a process can be curative; nay, it is one step nearer—one sure step, although an insidious and perhaps a pleasurable one—towards dissolution. The step, indeed, *may be retraced*, but it ought never to have been taken: *this is the fatal disease of the Doctor.*—*Secondly*, The *positive* Healing Art, according to our theory, cannot be other than this: the

removal of artificial encumbrances from the energy of the Vital Force; the substitution of *salutary and natural*, instead of *false conditions*; and the application of means, *consistent with its own freedom and integrity*, for raising that Force from the langour into which it has sunk, and restoring to it vigour to repair what has been injured, and overcome what withstands it. Now, it is in *its power to accomplish this latter function*, that the efficiency of the system termed the *Water-cure* essentially resides. To restore natural and denounce artificial conditions in reference to the Invalid, is one of the aims of PHYSIOLOGY, or rather of the more comprehensive science long known and cultivated as the *Philosophy of Life*; but the discovery of a specific STIMULANT, *acting directly on the Vital Force and its multiplex functions*, and which, while renovating, can never impair—*this*, the completion of the highest ambition of rational Medical Science, must be regarded as an achievement, of itself sufficient to illustrate our age.

The exhilarating effect of the external application of Cold Water has been familiar to Mankind, from

the time, I presume, when accident or instinct induced some one to plunge, on a summer's day, into a crystal stream. Neither have such effects been overlooked by Physicians — witness, among other documents, the writings of the humorous old BAYNARD, in the reign of CHARLES II., and more recently the volumes of Dr. CURRIE of Edinburgh. That the conception of studying it, and employing it *systematically* never received acceptance, however, previous to the labours of the Silesian Peasant, is sufficiently evinced by the existence of debates amidst the Faculty whether bathing should be accounted a *tonic* or a *sedative*; nay, only so recently as the publication of the earlier parts of the *Cyclopædia of Practical Medicine*, its use was formally debarred in the following formidable list of circumstances:—*partially*, in infancy and old age; pregnancy; indurations, obstructions, or chronic inflammations of internal parts; acute inflammation of the same; chronic inflammations of mucous membrane;—*absolutely*, in plethora, or tendency to active hemorrhage, or congestion of important viscera; affections of the heart; loaded state of the

bowels ; great general debility, though *then* often advantageous after warm water or vapour bath ! The article from which I quote was written by one of the most practical and least prejudiced medical men of the day ; one, to whom it certainly should have occurred, that the difficulties in question avail no further than to suggest the inquiry, *Under what modifications, and with what precautions, ought this great and potent stimulus to be applied in certain diseased or abnormal states of the frame ?* No remedy of any kind, not even the most famed specific, was ever administered, unless under modifications having a similar origin : and it is the prosecution of this very inquiry which has acquired for the application of water a number and variety of therapeutic efficiencies, sufficing to constitute it a safe and certain corrective in a very large class of diseased conditions. I have reason to believe that the state and nature of such inquiries are still comparatively unknown ; and I think I shall do some service by enumerating as briefly as I can, and in a few distinct propositions, the results which may be considered already attained.

I.

There are three important truths which may now be safely asserted regarding Hydropathy, looking at it from a *general* point of view—that is, without reference either to the *judgment* of the *practitioner*, or the *peculiarities* of the *patient*.

I. The cause, or physiological *rationale*, of the exhilaration of a bath need not be discussed here. Suffice it, that each act of ablution, judiciously performed, is followed by increased vigour and an accession of spirits ; and that these *may be sustained, for any length of time*, by its regulated repetition.—Reflect then on those occasions of languor or vital debility out of which chronic disarrangements so often flow. Whence these weaknesses come it matters not ; it is enough that, by some cause, the Vital Force is impaired,

and that it shows this by unmistakeable symptoms: portion of the power by which the organism is maintained, appears to have abandoned it; and the door is opened to inroads of the ever active agencies of dissolution. Medical men have never been deceived as to the hazards of such a condition; nor has there been much question as to the character of the available remedy. How, indeed, can such languor be resisted, unless by the application of STIMULI fitted to arouse and re-invigorate the VITAL FORCE? Would it be wise in the physician to defer action, until, through searching among the remoter mysteries of organisation, he had discovered the primary cause of debility, and expiscated its theory? Right, assuredly, that this too should be done;—a most proper exercise for the scientific Pathologist: but in the meantime, let that menacing languor be attacked *directly* as a *specific disease*; restore vigour, if possible, to the Powers of Life, so that—at the very least—they preserve what remains of the integrity of the organism. The only point in debate, therefore, is this—*What stimuli* shall be applied? And does not the simple statement of the question seem to

carry the reply along with it? With regard to the selection of a *means*, one rule is universal, and ever unquestionable, viz., that the *means* produce the special end in view, and nothing else. Now can this be alleged of any one of the usual stimuli so strongly recommended and lavishly applied by many practitioners? If, with the view of sustaining the vital energies, the patient takes refuge in *tonics*, as they are termed; if wine, or other forms of alcohol, or, still worse, if opium in any of its dreadful shapes be introduced into the stomach, passing thence, by the circulation, through the entire frame,—can it be doubted that other effects than the desired one are inevitable, viz. specific effects from the absorption of the drug, which—since no such drug contains the matter of *aliment*—are necessarily injurious, and it may be lethal? But, it is the express and peculiar characteristic of the stimuli of the Hydropathist, that *they conform in every attribute to the foregoing essential rule*. The exhilaration which is their consequence directly invigorates the Vital Force—interfering with the structure of no organ and the play of no function: it attacks directly, and overcomes that diseased and

formidable languor, and does not, while achieving its triumphs, introduce *any disease of the Doctor*. It were of no use to waste argument in balancing between two such alternatives; nor indeed could I have patience to do so, unless I first forgot my own position on reaching Ben Rhydding, and afterwards. Divested of technicalities, my history was briefly this. Through prolonged misuse I had been reduced to depend for vital energy on a drug whose collateral actions were destroying me—mind and body: and my cure was effected by supplanting this detested stimulus by another that gradually restored the power and tone I had lost, and which had no evil influences. A transition which, in so far as I know, would otherwise have been impracticable, was, in this manner, effected without pain or even difficulty, and my deranged organism grew again towards strength and health. Countless I believe the instances of disaster—arising in the opposite treatment—which any enlightened physician could mournfully quote from the records of his own experience. In earlier years it was my fortune to know a young Maiden of distinguished lineage, commanding beauty, and unusual

mental capacity and adornment. I do not believe—even now that I reflect calmly on all that pertained to her, and that Time has in so far blunted what once was very sharp—I do not believe that the germ of any disease inhered in that exquisite frame; she was so unsullied, so *perfect* a woman. But Fashion made demands; and, indeed, no marvel, for where that being was, *there* you would have said was the gem, the brilliant of the world. Incessant company, late hours, occasional exposure—these and all hateful *et-ceteras*, produced the customary effects;—morning headaches, feebleness—in this case not patiently borne—and sundry small disarrangements; all which, I cannot doubt, a few weeks of bathing and natural living, would at any time have dispelled. In those days, however, Hydropathy was unknown everywhere—certainly unknown to fashion. I never distinctly ascertained in what way, or by what insidious steps, *tonics*—of course, including port wine—led on to opium in the form of *Morphia*; but bitterly did I curse the drug, and still more bitterly could I curse it now, as I recall the occasion when I stumbled on the discovery. Remonstrances—such

as could be used—were not wanting; unhappily I had then no substitute to propose. Nor do we common mortals apprehend the treasure in *good spirits*, as they are termed—to keen organisations. Deck out our duller days in the liveliest tints they will bear, and perhaps you have a murky daub at the best; but in cases like *this*, it is almost a passing from death to life, from inanition and aching heart-weariness, to capacity for all grandeur and the joys and throes of an Universe. Joy, glory, and triumph! A flashing eye, and brow of parian—radiant with soul, overpowering with unearthly light the gayest assembly! Yes! they thronged her, almost in worship; but as I gazed and gazed, I often could have wept; for *my* eye saw behind—the *Spectre*! A hand's-breadth of cloud at first, it spread itself round the horizon, and then, slowly creeping up, it rolled nearer and nearer—a dense and clammy vapour. On it flowed; no power or prayer could stop it: it entered the blazing hall through chinks, dulled its thousand tapers, and at length touched that forehead, still encircled by its diadem.—Farther words are needless: they would tell only of

a stifling of breath, and the ruin of the hopes of an ancient House.

II. The advantage of cold ablution as an agent in producing and sustaining a general exhilaration, is not, however, the point in Hydropathy which is now in dispute. The concession, in so far as this goes, will for the most part be willingly made; nevertheless, had the truth so conceded been carried out honestly to its consequences, and permitted to discredit the questionable drugs employed for such purposes, it would indeed have effected innovations in the practice of the healing art, extensive as they are salutary. But the doctrine which people in general do not understand, or refuse to admit, is this—that the use of baths, &c., how excellent soever as an antidote to languor, can be influential towards *the cure of specific disease*, or of derangements of any standing, whether functional or structural. Chronic inflammation of an internal organ, for instance—can bathing, or any hydropathic application, remove *that* calamity? Nay, are there not cases of this sort in which the use of *any stimulus* must be

useless, if not fatal?—It is to this part of the subject that I shall now address a few observations.

First.—There is one therapeutic action of water—still regarding it as a stimulus only—which I think may be easily understood. I need not recal the fact that the animal frame is a vast chemical workshop—decomposition and composition going on within it incessantly, so that, at the close of a certain cycle or period, every organised body, in so far as its constituent molecules are concerned, literally becomes new. In this important respect, indeed, the worlds of organization hold close analogies with the world of matter, where there is no rest, but rather change following upon change—the teeming parent of the Future and its exhaustless variety. Now, the *time* required for molecular renovation depends, in the different *species*, on certain physiological peculiarities of that species; and with regard to the *individual*, it varies with the energy or activity of his vitality. The body of a man in fullest vigour, for instance, will be decomposed or consumed, and of course replaced, in

one-half the time necessary for the corresponding process in a languid, low-pulsed invalid; and accordingly—simply through aid of this conservative power of nature—he gets rid of diseased portions of his framework with comparative celerity and ease. Whatever increases vital action, and sustains that novel vigour, must therefore be regarded as *therapeutic*, or hostile to the permanence of specific disarrangements; at least *wherever these can be got rid of by a total renovation of the structure whose soundness is impaired*. And if the practices of hydropathy confessedly accomplish that end; if, without concomitant and counterbalancing maleficence, these practices sustain the tone and augment the rapidity of organic evolutions, is it not easy to see that even inveterate chronic obstructions must be ultimately thrown off by them? Let the fearful patient keep good heart therefore. Has the water cure already steeled him in part against cold? Has he dispensed with the flannels that encased him, and yet suffered no discomfort? Does he find his appetite improved, and the *sense of hunger* beginning to take part once more among the

realities of daily life? Then *the sanitary process has most certainly begun.* That evolution of new animal heat; that unusual craving for food,—*these are unmistakeable indications of the rapidity with which he is now casting off the old body, and building up a fresh and healthier one.**

Secondly. But the therapeutic agencies of Hydropathy are not limited to the foregoing general *modus operandi.* On the contrary, by the application of cold water, the physician may evolve *almost every specific effect*, and exert an influence *locally* on an individual organ as easily and beneficially as he can do on the entire system. It is the theory of these

* I cannot avoid referring here to the prevailing fallacy that the *winter season* is unfavourable to the curative processes of Hydropathy. Dr. Macleod is decidedly of opinion, that the winter and spring months are especially suited for the treatment of a large majority of diseases, among which may be mentioned gout, rheumatism, wear and tear of the brain, threatened softening of the brain, incipient paralysis, mucous dyspepsia, constipation, depression of spirits, and those diseases incidental to females. Priesnitz was wont to say (and we think we hear him giving utterance to the words while we write), “Give me Hydropathy in winter and I will cure the worst possible disease.”

specific applications which best merits the name of the Science of Hydropathy; and the attempt to unfold their nature, and rear a corresponding system of doctrine, has occupied the hydropathist during these years of probation, when the ordinary practitioner could discern in his pursuits nothing beyond a shallow empiricism, and find for him no name more generous and complimentary than quack and impostor. The portion of the subject now referred to, cannot of course be satisfactorily treated here: its development would constitute a treatise on Hydropathy. Nevertheless, one or two remarks may open the way towards a partial appreciation of it.

In the *first* place, is it happily unknown to any Reader, that among the ancient practices of Curative Science there existed a department named the Art of Blistering? In old days—longer ago than I care to name—the existence of this wonderful art was indeed no secret from *me*! Had I a local pain of any kind—especially uneasiness over the region of the chest, no hesitation whatever as to what to do! Without summoning Esculapius, I knew there was

nothing for it but Spanish flies, and a scald of some six or eight inches of unoffending skin. As to the necessity of a practice in all respects so detestable, it is not my intention at present to inquire: let that pass undisputed. But listen, O Esculapius! By the simple application of a wet cloth covered with oiled silk, to the portion of skin over the diseased region, every object aimed at by this rough blistering may be painlessly and effectively accomplished. A testing experiment is easy. Try such a bandage on your wrist, Dispose it carefully recollect, so that all access of air be excluded by the oiled silk; in which case, I venture to affirm, that the virtue of one night's trial of the simple application will leave you henceforth no freedom of choice when you wish a safe and powerful *counter-irritant*.—*Secondly*, is an organ clogged or congested? Do the temples throb; is the eye full and confused, because of over-determination of blood towards the brain? Hesitate, I pray you, before thinking of the lancet, for other expedients are in store! One large class of applications of cold water may be named *derivatives*, their object

being to allay excitement, or remove *overload* from an organ, by stirring up for the time an excess of action in another healthy portion of the structure. A *foot-bath*, for instance, affords unfailing relief to headaches arising in tumefactions of the cranial vessels; and still more energetically, the *sitting-bath*. Nay, the beneficent operations of the latter bath are so numerous and powerful, that it may be termed *par excellence* the *derivative-bath*. Or, to take a *third* exemplification—do you wish to allay general irritation and produce sleep? Then away to an infinite distance with all opiates! The *wet sheet* or envelope, possesses an efficacy which belongs to no drug in the *Materia Medica*; by evolving *as gently as you choose*, the powers of reaction, it induces the weary organism to throw off the morbid heat which agitates it, expels what otherwise might develop into a deadly fever, and at the same time stimulates the frame towards every healthful function. No one, I venture to say, who has experienced for once the soothing action of this invaluable and most accessible remedy, can listen to the reiteration of professional dislikes to it (I do not say, *argu-*

ments), without something of amazement. It admits not of doubt, that under its beneficial action the most virulent fever, if taken in time, sinks into an ailment not more important than a common cold; and *yet*,—ay, notwithstanding the utter powerlessness of the faculty to contend with fever by drugs, notwithstanding that the resources of medicine, and surgery also (the lancet), fight ever vainly with a scourge before which the best and most valuable lives in our society annually fall—*yet*, the legitimacy of a curative agent continues to be repudiated, which might be applied without expense in every family, and under due care avert its desolation. They talk, indeed, of improved treatment in fevers, of the banishment of the lancet, and sparing use of drugs. It is true, that men are discerning the absurdities of those old practices, and that the honourable and enlightened physician now repudiates them: but the point I insist on is this—there is nothing in a resort to *cold affusion*, nothing in the adoption of *partial reforms* which can excuse any man's neglecting a safe and proved *specific*—that mode, viz., of employing water, which has, I may say, *in every individual instance*, effected a rapid

cure. Perhaps *mothers* may read this. I insist on their asking a hydropathist to aid them should fever ever invade their dwellings, or should any child whose life is dear be visited by *measles, scarlatina, &c.* Take my word for it, this first application will not be your *last*.—Speaking generally, however, and without remaining longer with *details*, I wish it to be understood, that the hydropathist claims his *stimulant*, his *sedative*, his *tonic*, his *reducing agent*, his *purgative*, his *astringent*, his *diuretic*, his *styptic*, his *febrifuge*, his *diaphoretic*, his *alterative*, his *counter-irritant*, There is not a drug in the pharmacopœia for which he has not his substitute, nor a *therapeutic* surgical application whose salutary effects he cannot produce. And what is peculiar to his system, he can demonstrate the efficacy of his process at any hour to the most incredulous; nay, as his experiments do no harm, he may make them on the sceptic himself. It is not improbable that this very facility with which evidence could be produced, and the pretensions of the hydropathist tested, may appear to some minds a presumption against the soundness of the new system. Nor, indeed, seems it to be believed

lightly, that a scheme of means so accessible, and therefore offering so much to humanity, would be cast aside by the Learned, unless its promises were deceitful. But there is something connected with the qualities and amenities of the learned man never yet thoroughly expiscated. OVID, indeed, wrote long ago from PONTUS—

—————ingenus didicisse fideliter artes,
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.

And CICERO, another of the craft, declaims superbly about “liberal studies,” saying that through them, all good things come and abide with us, sleep with us, travel with us, and rusticate where we rusticate — *pernoctant nobiscum, perigrinantur, rusticantur*. One thing is sufficiently clear; armed with nimble and polished weapons, the *learned* tenant of a position, can always develop a sharp defence; that the possession of the weapons usually approved, incline him to inquire *whether his position be one he ought to hold*, is perhaps not so clear. *The SCHOOL first, and its intrenchments; TRUTH afterwards, if it must be* :—I am not sure if the history

of the world records that those sects, for whose culture Society has made the most careful and capacious provision, generally fight under a banner anywise broader than this.

III. I stated half jocularly at the beginning of this chapter, that diseases had been treated by medicine too often as abstract objects, "unconnected with man," and to be overcome at all hazards. Now, it stands out as the distinguishing feature of Hydro-pathy, that *by every one of its processes, whether these are of local or general application, the vigour of the general system, the vitality of special organs is increased.* Health is being restored to the whole frame, precisely as the specific disarrangement is removed; nor in any case is an inroad hazarded on that vitality, to whose awakened energy the restoration of the invalid is solely intrusted. Allusion has already been made to that evil inherent in the practice of *drug-therapeutics*, viz., the introduction of poison into the stomach for the sake of its specific collateral effects; but this whole subject is so important, and the hazards inseparable from the prevalent system so great, that

I cannot neglect the opportunity of recording two emphatic examples of the same description of evil produced independently of drugs,—examples which, however, as I conscientiously believe, are by no means extraordinary ones.* One of these was related to me by a judicious and observant medical friend,—certainly, with something of a shudder. He was asked one bleak December evening to visit a poor girl in a wretched tenement in the Canon-gate of Edinburgh; and he found her struggling with *pneumonia*. Had my friend known *then* what he learned afterwards, his course would have been easy; and in all probability the use of simple hydropathic specifics might have enabled even the wasted

* I think it right, once for all, to protest against the idea, that by what follows in the text, and similar criticisms, I would impute reckless conduct to that important class—our Medical Men. I am speaking of errors *inherent in their system*, and of these alone; although it must be owned that the too large number of practitioners, who prescribe simply by *rule*, or in strict obedience to the system, cannot avoid falling into the evils which that system engenders. The safety of society, at present, seems to me to consist mainly in the fact, that the best of our Medical Men do not act according to any system, but as their own sagacity, and their knowledge of the invalid, suggest.

energies of the sufferer to overcome the disease. At that time, however, he had seen nothing of the practice; and perhaps—being sufficiently qualified by ignorance—he despised and laughed at it like the others. The Lancet! But on opening the girl's vein, the character of the few drops that trickled out—less blood than water—shocked and alarmed him. The unaided creature was *starving*. He hastily closed the wound, and gave instructions to have her conveyed to the hospital, and fed. Fed she was; but before my friend called again, *she had been bled four times*, that the pneumonia might be reduced! Dropsy ensued, and the forlorn wanderer had no farther need of an earthly Mediciner.—My next illustration again concerns myself. Long ago, as a result of that bad usage which a young man *will* now and then give himself—overstrained application at the desk, absence of exercise, and, perhaps, midnight balls and revelry—my head got uncomfortable, indicating a certain irritability. I have felt similar symptoms since; but *now* I know exceedingly well what to do with them. One or two simple *derivatives*, and perhaps a couple

of *wet envelopes*, and I am well. The occasion I speak of, however, preceded the advent of Hydro-pathy; and I sent for an ordinary physician. He looked at my eyes; and then, *first*, a shake of that head; *secondly*, an asseveration that I must be bled. A good, unscrupulous depletion: as a matter of course, I was weakened. Next morning considerably worse; eyes more irritable still. A second depletion: no different result. A third depletion! Then came blistering; anointing of my shaven scalp with horrible tartar ointment; bleeding, too, persisted in. "Energetic treatment" continued an entire fortnight: during three days at its close, the veins of both my arms remained open! Fortunately my *reason* never wavered; though I was all but too late in adopting its suggestions. At the end of these three days I rebelled; "Doctor," I said, "I cannot go on with this, for I am nearly dead. I shall certainly die if you bleed me again. Let me rest then; I can but die at any rate." Some hours afterwards I dropped into a short sleep—short but gentle; one of those indescribable sleeps which bring assurance to the sufferer. That

night was in many ways a turning-point in my existence. I must have been near to the spiritual world, for the veil before it looked very thin, and I descried the forms of august verities beyond. The past, too, rushed down again, like a strong river loosed from ribbed ice, and I saw among the inner mysteries of existence. Two tedious, weary years it cost me to recover from that attack of the Doctor, if indeed I ever *have* recovered: to obtain sight, however, of what he was the involuntary means of showing me, I am not sure but I would encounter his lancet again. Worthy man! Had he lived until now, he would certainly have pronounced Hydropathy most dangerous, and gone even to the stake in behalf of his own safe and scientific practice. How time flies!—there were many actors in that singular scene, but none remains on this terraqueous globe, save myself.

Section IV.

SO much for the rational theory of Hydropathy. And if its practice contains an efficacy to raise the tone of the organism, and sustain the energy of the Vital Force—if it can produce *specific effects*, local or general, as direct and varied as those within reach of any form of the Curative Art—and if it be its established principle, that health and strength, local and general, must be restored by every one of its special therapeutic processes—*then* I do not claim too much for it, when asserting that it has a basis in philosophy, and a title to respectful treatment by the scientific, certainly the reverse of inferior to those which could be challenged in behalf of any scheme of systematic medicine the world has yet seen. This merely speculative or theoretical view, however, is not enough. A question imme-

diately arises regarding the *applicability* of the hydropathic system. Without doubt, it is a satisfaction, that, theoretically, hydropathy is complete, or at least not obviously vulnerable; but the inquiry is at least of equal interest, how *far* its processes can be *safely* resorted to—in what manner, and to what extent, their good effects may be modified, or even sometimes *neutralised* by the condition, the age, the temperament, the sex, of the invalid? An inquiry which quickly leads to another—how far is the patient, under this system, dependent on the personal skill and solicitude of the physician? It may appear strange; but I esteem it most fortunate, that in every form which Therapeutic Science has hitherto assumed, we have had so great an extent of *margin* in this respect—so much that is *indefinite* in *practice*, or what is the same thing, so much has been left dependent on personal and professional integrity and wisdom; an enigma I shall explain by and bye.—Before venturing the following remarks, I must touch on one preliminary matter, and dismiss it at once. The opinions I shall express have been either suggested, or largely coloured by what came

under my notice at Ben Rhydding, I could easily have made them the vehicle of criticism on the character and qualities of the gentleman in charge of the establishment, my friend, Dr. MACLEOD. I have resisted all temptation to do this—giving way on one point only; and if in that case, I have thought it proper to yield somewhat, it is because I regard the remarkable peculiarity I shall speak of rather as what Coleridge was wont to call a *psychological curiosity*. This much however in general terms;—the healthful earnestness, sincerity—*transparency* rather, of Dr. MACLEOD's nature, are no secrets at Ben Rhydding; and these have endowed him with an amount of *professional sincerity* which I have rarely found equalled. No inducement, I believe, could persuade him to touch a case, so long as he entertained a suspicion of its unfitness for treatment by Hydropathy; and in the same spirit of fealty, he uniformly refuses to continue treatment, as soon as experience has shewn him that benefit must cease to be expected. To the uninitiated, this may appear a small matter; but it is otherwise to the invalid. I believe it is the main cause of the

cheerful confidence which pervades the atmosphere of Ben Rhydding ; for—notwithstanding those temporary discouragements, those occasional glooms which must ever and anon pass across a place where, until humanity shall arise above its forewritten fate, there cannot be uninterrupted sunshine—it is rare to detect, among the society there, any diminution of the temperate ease, and general good spirits, which act with so signal an efficiency towards the removal of disease. I trust that my friend has a high and long career before him, beneficent, honourable, and—last and least of all—successful. His opportunities have been given to few ; they may engage all the energies and aspirations of his manhood. To alleviate suffering, perhaps to eradicate physical evils ; to reform manners by proofs of the excellency of a rational life ; more than most, the companion of the invalid, to soothe disordered emotions, and lessen the achings of grief ; to learn charity by requiring to practise it, and through such daily practice, to grow ever towards that benevolence which is its source ; what better or nobler vocation has any life—what

better framework for a life would one build up, though, by a very wish, one's own destiny might be shaped?—*I fausto pede!*

Perhaps there is nowhere an application of Science to Art in which practical action is separated from scientific dogma by an interval so wide as that which lies between our best medical practice and the most positive medical science. And the cause is this:—Whatever the grounds, however extensive the induction, on which any special medical rule or dogma has ever been formed, the *conditions* under which the physician requires to apply it, are so various and diverse, that, for the most part, it is more difficult to ascertain how the rule should be modified, than it was, to form it at first. It is laid down, for instance, that a certain medicine produces general consequences supposed to be antipathetic to a certain disease; but it is not laid down how that same medicine may affect the individual invalid, how it may suit his peculiar case and constitution, and, therefore, in

what manner and to what extent it may be rightfully employed in furtherance of *his* special cure. The variety of these conditions, indeed, is next to infinite; and as they have first to be detected, and next dealt with, by the simple sagacity of the physician, it is no marvel that physicians of the *highest order* (I don't mean the most *famous*), are uniformly men of the highest intellectual endowments. It is, in fact, in the *personal attributes*, much more than in the *system*, of a medical man, that one feels confidence on the occurrence of calamity; and however objectionable the theory of the system, these qualities, cultivated by experience, and guided by conscience and honour, may suffice to prevent the overstraining of any dogma, and the consequent infliction of injury on the organism of the patient. Hydropathy has certainly signal advantages in reference to certainty and safety in its applications. Rigorously eschewing—as its first principle—the use of any substance or operation hurtful *in itself*, it saves its practitioner the necessity of curing *two* diseases, viz., the original one, and another—grave or slight—which *medicine* must, from its very nature, introduce. Holding fast by the

cardinal aim of his system, which is to venture on no step—no application, local or general—which does not tend to invigorate, he is freed comparatively from apprehension regarding irregular and distressing reverses; and therefore, whenever there is no serious organic derangement, his process of cure may safely enough be allowed to proceed under the guardianship of a general *surveillance*. But, nevertheless, it were fatal to imagine that here at last we have obtained a therapeutics cut asunder from science, or a conclusive edition of “*Every man his own Doctor.*” No more than the most abstract and unreal scheme ever imagined in medicine, does Hydropathy, pretend to a system of absolute, invariable rules, to be taken up by whoever pleases, and applied at random. Its rules are better; it claims to be more scientific than any preceding scheme; but *it*, too, bows before that perplexing infinity of individual conditions, and can deal with them only through the sagacity of its practitioners.—As it is of paramount importance that this matter be *definitely* understood, I shall ask my reader’s attention to three separate classes of considerations.

I. In the first place, as preliminary to any treatment, the specific character of the ailment must be discovered. It is certain that here also Hydropathy draws from its first principle, an advantage most signal, partaken of hitherto by only one other therapeutic practice. Generally speaking, before reaching an opinion of the import of a case, the medical man has thought it necessary to involve himself among remote and obscure pathological doctrines. He has not looked at the *proximate* causes merely, but for the *remote or occult cause* of the deranged symptoms; and very often his practice has been modified by doubtful speculations concerning the ultimate nature of disease. Now, Hydropathy eschews this. Trusting for ultimate convalescence to the agency of an invigorated Vital Force, which certainly will seek out these hidden infirmities and extirpate them—it directs its ample artillery *at once* against functional or organic local derangements; and by removing these, it brings refreshed vitality into play. Nevertheless, it remains for skilful *diagnosis*, to discover the seat of these *proximate* causes of the patient's complaints—to deduce from the evils of which he is

directly conscious, the organs from whose disorder they more immediately spring, and then to determine an applicable treatment. And it was in reference to this point, and the power requisite for dealing with it—a power manifestly essential to success under any form of medical practice—that I spoke of Dr. Macleod's *idiosyncrasy* as being so peculiar. It is no observation of mine merely; for every one near him is struck, with the rapidity and almost absolute accuracy with which he *divines* the proximate causes of one's bodily griefs. It is liker an *intuition* with him than an *inference*, or the issue of a deliberate process; and I may almost say I never knew him deceived. If it be a *judgment*, it is the next thing to immediate; and he seems to reach his conclusion, not so much from replies to testing inquiries, as from the aspect of the whole man, complexion, bearing, expression, mode of speaking, &c. Something of a *similar* faculty, perhaps, may be seen now and then acting in other ways. For instance, certain great readers are said to detect the substance in a printed page rather by looking at it than reading it; Sir ROBERT PEEL—rarely endowed in all directions—

possessed this power very highly. I knew a lady, too, who, if she were only a few moments in a crowded room, carried off a distinct impression of the colour and shape of the dress of every female in it! I leave the solution of the mystery to others; glad in the meantime that the good people at Ben Rhydding have practical benefit from it.

II. These proximate causes understood, the next question, as to the *conditions* of the invalid, and the *mode* of applying Hydropathy to that peculiar modification of age, sex, temperament, &c. I feel that I must here explain an expression I have frequently used. The operations of Hydropathy are certainly innocuous *in themselves*; *i. e.*, they have nothing in them essentially hurtful, in the way that a poisonous drug has; but regarding them *as they may be applied*, they cannot be termed universally innocuous. Their success depends on their power to stir up healthful reaction, within the organism; and it surely needs no elaborate demonstration, that an effective provocation to reaction in one person, might overwhelm all vital

energy in another. Take a brisk fire, add cold fuel to it, and it will only blaze the more; while the same fuel would extinguish a weaker one. It does not follow, however, that the use of Hydropathy *must* be hurtful, even in exceptional cases. In a moment we can kindle up the feeblest fire: and so may a frail infant, or the shrinking, shivering, valetudinarian—trembling lest a breath of fresh air blow upon him—be gradually raised towards comparative vigour, *provided*, the water-cure has agencies of *adequate gentleness*, and these be administered *with prudence*. Regarding the existence of gentle agencies, there is no manner of doubt. But it is not to be disguised, that through an ignorant or guilty disregard of such limitations, the Hydropathic practitioner *has* given cause for grave alarms, and perpetrated serious mischief. Unhappy mistakes of this kind have arisen mainly from this;—as with most new doctrines, the existence of limitations was not at first generally recognised in Hydropathy; and men rushed into the practice of it, to whom the structure and capabilities of the Human Frame were virtually a sealed book:

but when they occur now, the cause lies in the difficulty of discovering what cases are exceptional, seeing that exceptionality often arises neither from age nor sex, nor even from apparent strength, but in peculiarities of temperament, undiscoverable unless by a nice sense in diagnosis. A striking illustration occurred while I was at Ben Rhydding:—One evening, a gentleman, Mr. A——, just arrived, consulted Dr. MACLEOD. A powerful burly man of six feet two inches; muscular apparently—even what in some districts would be called *robustious*. “That patient,” remarked Mr. B——, “would stand any amount of treatment.” “No,” said the physician, “you are mistaken; he could not bear more than would suit a child eight years of age. Observe how nervous he is, manifested in the tremor of his lip, and the feverish brightness of his eye.” Next day the new-comer met B—— in the grounds, and told him that eighteen months ago he had been at another similar establishment, where he received what they called “moderate treatment;” but, he said, “in a week it made a wreck of me.” He had come to Ben Rhydding at the urgent solicitation of

his wife, but with no confidence, being scared by that former experience. With much interest I watched this case. Only the tepid bath once a day, with friction over the abdomen, and a few therapeutic movements. In three weeks the fever flash of the eye had disappeared ; and at the end of the fourth, Mr. A—— left the establishment rejoicing and well. —He is a literary man of standing and repute.

III. Finally : there are cautions and limitations to the application of the water-cure, constituted by the nature of certain diseases. I do not refer, at present, to the class of *mortal* ailments—that fortunately limited class, which at once bars all hope of recovery, and confines the functions of the Physician within efforts to alleviate, and the still more precious duty of soothing the sufferer, as a *friend* : there are considerations besides, which specially affect Hydropathy in its existing state. And, *first*, once more I must repeat, that the virtue of the water cure lies mainly in its power to stimulate by exciting reaction. Now, this cannot be effected without acting temporarily on the circulation ; and,

should the unhappy patient labour under distinct *structural* disease of the organs mainly concerned with the motion of the blood, it is clear that a case has occurred demanding exercise of the highest caution. Dr. MACLEOD, I believe, will not treat a disease of the heart;—distinguishing, however, the thousand merely *functional* disarrangements which now-a-days it has become almost a fashion to designate organic disease: and I imagine he would use a corresponding abstinence were any other principal vessel affected—say a large artery, with aneurism.—But there is a *second* class of limitations, of a different kind, which it requires rare wisdom, and still more extended knowledge, to discern. It cannot be doubted, I suppose, that men of *one idea*, or what is vulgarly called a *hobby*, have certain uses in this world; nevertheless—as practical physicians—such men are in every way pestiferous. Nor is the reason obscure. A man of one idea can never get beyond this idea; he sees no modifying relations, and he is terrified by no consequences: but it happens that no system of medicine, or to speak more correctly, no system

of cure, yet unfolded in this world, can be said to be the *best* in its bearing on ALL those infinite complexities presented by the diseased frame. Hydropathy itself—the safest and most rational—ought not, *in the present condition, or stage of its progress*, to put forth these absolute and unqualified pretensions; and he alone is worthy to practise it, whose solicitude concerning human life is sufficient to protect him from sinking into the mere profession of one exclusive system, or refusing aid from collateral methods, whenever they promise *surer* and *speedier* relief. It is one thing to practise medicine—quite another to *vend a nostrum*; and I repeat, that the chief or distinguishing feature of the physician of the highest order, is his tolerance of all systems, and freedom from thralldom to any; the little ceremony, with which he puts aside the tences of his school, when they threaten to interfere with the action of his own practical sagacity.

Section V

IN so far as my best convictions can assist him my reader has it now in his power to reach an opinion concerning the capacities and limitations of Hydropathic practice, as well as the degree of certainty attending it as one form of the Therapeutic Art. It were to be expected—supposing my views not vitiated by some disproportionate amount of error—that a system so founded must receive the best evidence of its beneficial efficacy in a place like Ben Rhydding, where its special curative action is abetted by all collateral agencies—fresh air, opportunity for invigorating exercise, the presence of as fine and varied scenery as exists in England, and whatever professional skill can be evolved by sedulous systematic culture aided by a high degree of apt, natural sagacity. While proceeding, therefore, to

narrate a few illustrative facts, for whose accuracy I beg leave, (though I write anonymously) to pledge my honour, I feel that I have less need to deprecate scepticism than to warn against unwarrantable expectations. Recollect that no therapeutic art whatever, can ward off the doom pronounced upon man, as part of all that is terrestrial. To diminish suffering even when doom is near, sometimes to eradicate hereditary pains, to save him for a period from the consequences of his own ignorance, recklessness, or impure life—these things therapeutics can attempt, and in the effort Hydropathy has succeeded. Nevertheless, FROM DUST WE CAME, AND TO DUST MUST RETURN. Let the grass grow in the spring, and put forth its green strength, and wave as it listeth gaily in the wind; autumn yet comes, the sere and the yellow leaf, and the reaper with his sickle. And there is the cankerworm besides, creeping unseen beneath, and ever and anon cutting by stealth the roots of the freshest stem. Unhappily, our organisation is not born at the hour from which our life dates. The wrongs of ages lie upon it, challenging redress through the infirmities they

have bequeathed; and these are occasionally wrought so subtilely into the frame, that *where* they lurk, and *what* they are, escapes the search of the keenest diagnost. They work however, steadily though silently, becoming manifest through scarce definable and vague apprehensions; at length, and as if at a start, they touch the silver cord, and the pride of life is laid low. There is no *elixir vitæ*—no Amreeta cup of Immortality: for the shrine of HYGEIA itself, no inscription is so fitting as the solemn one—

Remember, thou must die.

In selecting instances, I feel chiefly disturbed by the *embarras des richesses*. I shall exclude everything similar to the cases to which I have already referred, however cursorily; and I shall describe such only as are emphatically *illustrative*, or which evince the power of Hydropathy over prevalent and important *classes of disease*.

I. The first class of ailments of which I shall speak, has been well termed *the great malady of England*; *the disease of an overwrought brain*. It is the malady

of modern civilization. Man is at present in dire struggle with the forces of the world: it is *contest* with us, not *contemplation*; and although there is no doubt which way the tide of battle will roll, our ranks are being decimated—whole armies disappearing in the thick of the fight. There is, indeed, no time for rest; not in the morning, not at noontide, neither at night. The boy is rushed through school, forced to try to comprehend and store up in one twelve-month what should rightly occupy him during five: the young man is fixed at his desk—day labour—midnight labour—one set of ideas—anxieties ever deepening; he essays the ladder towards wealth and position—cares increase as his horizon widens—danger everywhere—insecurity of footing—he cannot sleep lest he should miss the prize. Then the great merchant, where is he? On the top of the pyramid certainly, balancing himself—but on tiptoe, and how unsteadily! Every wind that blows shakes him; there is no cloud, however small, which may not fling some shadow athwart him. What he sought so eagerly, though at the sacrifice of youth has been reached; but harder the labour to retain

it! I believe in very truth that many a man whose early strength—upheld by hope—was given in service to another, closes his life in much harder servitude—hope destroyed by possession—as a drudge, a head clerk to himself. Let it not be fancied that I am inveighing against this civilization of ours: that were indeed foolish, for it is “a great fact;” it is the mission, the *voice*, of the present era of the world. Nay, I cannot assent to the thousand times repeated fallacy, that such a scheme of things is inconsistent with individual greatness. Those anxieties, those terrible responsibilities, what are they, for the most part, but consequences of immense and complex *associations* with all ranks and nations of men, in the midst of which the great Merchant necessarily lives? And, in proportion as he is a true man, his sympathies must widen with his connections, and the sense of duty grow accordingly. It is a fact—the fact of the age—that *solidarité*, or *fraternité* as the French call it, is wholly undeniable as a *material* reality; and, sure as fate, soul shall yet be breathed through the huge body thus painfully preparing—to knit, to vivify, and ennoble it. Woe, however, in the meantime, to the

insufficient organisation of the tasked worker! In the distinct and affecting narrative recently given of his own case by a "*Liverpool Merchant*," the process of wear and tear, is traced direct to its consummation. It is only the common story. First dyspepsia and disordered secretions, irritability and weakness; resort to medicine and stimulants—senna and sherry, calomel and coffee, perhaps with the *small glass*, which sometimes follows it;—driven, as has been wittily said, like a shuttlecock between battledoors, until, as a necessary result in the merciless game, feather and cork will hold together no longer, but are knocked in pieces. When, however, one approaches the catastrophe somewhat nearer than the *Liverpool Merchant*—who took to Hydropathy in due time—symptoms are evolved of a nature much more serious than those he has narrated: it is a very alarming, and ought to be a widely understood fact, that the disease we are speaking of tends all but invariably to MONOMANIA of the most painful character. I quote in illustration, the following two cases.*

* I do not say, of course, that in each of these two cases the *causes* were *absolutely uniform*; in fact, they were not so, the

One day, an extensive farmer in a distant part of the country found his way to Ben Rhydding, or rather was brought there by his friends. He was a very strong man, of a vascular temperament, his circulation quick and powerful, skin hot; and he had been bled, cupped, and physicked, simply with evil consequences. His cerebral system was altogether disordered; and his nervous power had become convulsive. He had fallen into profound despondency; thought he was ruined, and lost in the world as a man. He disliked his wife and children, believed them beggars, and sometimes imagined that his wife had died in misery and despair. Yet, withal, his derangements were merely functional. Dr. Macleod seemed to have no hesitation how to treat this case. He prescribed the dry pack in the morning; and the wet envelope for an hour at noon and afternoon, persistently. In three weeks, the clouds overhanging the man gave way; and in three months he left the establishment strong and happy. I heard of his continuing in perfect health long afterwards.—The

disease, nevertheless, was the same in both—quite the same as with the Liverpool Merchant.

instance I shall quote next was a much more difficult one. It resulted simply and solely from prolonged overworking in business, and neglect of the primary symptoms of derangement. On a summer evening, Dr. Macleod was summoned to the ante-room to a gentleman just arrived. He found him walking up and down, in distressing excitement; he could not rest on a chair; and as he paced the room his hands opened and shut convulsively; his pulse was quick and irritable; his eyes large, slightly swollen, and feverish. The poor man was depressed beyond description. He believed that he had killed his father and mother, and that God had forsaken him. He threw himself down to pray; but he saw no friend in Heaven—only a vengeful Judge. He could not sleep, but moaned all night; and what seemed the copestone of his misery, he thought he had induced his wife to take part in his crimes. Nothing whatever beyond neglected and extreme nervous dyspepsia: but no well-marked improvement occurred, until after the lapse of six weeks. At that time, the eye grew less restless; and the quick anxious grasping of the fingers also diminished.

The visit of an old acquaintance brought on a fortnight's relapse; but assured progress recommenced, and at the end of four months the patient's lease of happiness and life appeared permanently renewed,—at least it has not been menaced since.—I shall briefly indicate the curative process in this case: it exemplifies the variety of Hydropathic resources, and the discrimination required in applying them. The nervous temperament of the patient was too high for *energetic* treatment; and the Doctor prescribed, and persisted in the following local and general applications.—1. *Soothing Baths*.—Well wrung envelope for ten or fifteen minutes, followed by dripping sheet. Slow vapour-bath for fifteen minutes, once a week, with shallow-bath after. Compress over stomach.—2. *Derivative*.—Sitting-bath and foot-bath, for four minutes at a time frequently repeated.—3. *Bracing*.—Local—Spouting of back, and shower-bath over stomach; moderate drinking. General—Two pailfuls of water thrown over the shoulders; shallow-bath at 60 for half a minute,—These are the simple, well-judged appliances by which health was restored to a frame so

shattered. Had this patient been treated by the Lancet, or further drugged, the chances are he would not have survived a week.

II. I shall refer next to two cases of disease deeper rooted,—further *ingrained* by time, perhaps, in so far, through inheritance. A gentleman of sixty, originally of a powerful frame, had been thrown from a coach three years before he bethought himself of Wharfedale. Three ribs were broken, which lamed and confined him. Diseases previously threatening him, gradually broke forth;—the opportunity, they watched for, having supervened. When he reached Ben Rhydding, he had been dropsical for eighteen months; abdomen, ankles, and legs, swollen to double their natural size; intractable constipation, and great general debility. Add to all which, he was now severely attacked by sciatica, and by pain in the back, so that he could not move without much suffering. His pulse was small and quick; breathing rapid and faint, and his face pale and anxious. It was not easy to fancy a more thorough wreck. I shall not go into the details of curative

treatment in this instance: the *rationale* being sufficient. In the first place, there was congestion of the liver and kidneys: depending on general irritation, and the inactivity of these organs. The removal of irritation, by soothing processes, procured, therefore, a partial relief; and, as strength increased at the same time, the natural secretions became abundant and natural. With restoration of function, congestion ceased also. Then as to the sciatica; it was one of long standing, and could not be acted on without corresponding difficulty. In aged persons, such affections cannot, in some cases, be removed by Hydropathic processes *alone*; and, in the present instance, Dr. Macleod took assistance from galvanic currents, and the application of considerable heat externally, by *irons*. The broken down man quite recovered, and is now, in a green threescore, energetically engaged in duty. — My second case was a still worse one;—a case of *chronic gout*. The gentleman to whom I refer, came to the establishment a cripple. Male attire could not be put on him; and he was swathed in blankets. He had been ill for years; had consulted every physician

of note ; and been stuffed to satisfaction, with drugs and iodine. I did not see him when he came ; but those who knew him then, described to me his condition. Before I left, he was one of the most active companions of my walks ; and although considerably my senior, I never found *him* the laggard, on the moors of a morning. When he returned to the great city, in which he was a well-known merchant, his fellows of the Exchange scarcely recognised him. He enjoyed health and activity for many months ; after which he was summoned to attend to the last debt—the debt of Nature.—Cures like these are very wonderful, and their *possibility* a signal boon to mankind ; but let it never be forgotten that it is our imperative duty to *prevent the accumulation* of calamities so fearful, and which must ever be very hazardous. It is a custom with men—a custom little betokening the prevalence of *reason*—to dally with disease, to hang by expedients, even after their forlornness has become apparent ; and it has much astonished me how many seek the aid of Hydropathy only as a *last resource*. Revival, even *then*, is *possible* ; but is it rational, is it just to our-

selves or to science, to postpone application to a beneficent Curative Art, until disease has grown inveterate, and been mixed up besides with we know not how many *diseases of the Doctor*? If disappointed in such extremity, if, through folly so immeasurable, he has already crossed the boundary from which there is no returning, let not the stricken and mourning man fret against the system, whose proffered services he refused, disdained perhaps, and insulted, until the day went by! From the fact, that cases apparently desperate, *may* be cured, there is no warrantable inference save this:—if Hydropathy can, under favourable circumstances, contend successfully with what seems the very extremity of evil, *then would timely application to it, infallibly prevent such evils from ever growing to a head*. Few rules in morality, indeed, are oftener broken by the young, than those which demand them to protect, for the service of God and the world's use, the physical health and energy with which they are endowed. To many, the absorption of a large part of their time in frivolity—would doubtless be repugnant; but, generally speaking, these

very persons—in ignorant or guilty foolhardiness—neglect precautions, which are alone capable of rendering small ailments really small, of hindering their slow and deadly germination into a power to shorten life, or at least to abate, by one half, one's ability to act vigorously and persistently. Be wise in time, O young Man! It is Morning now; but Night cometh—sure enough.

—I do not consider it necessary to push my illustrations farther. Multitudes of cases passed under my own eye, some of them more interesting than any I have narrated; but the details were generally unknown to me, and I have selected the foregoing for the reasons already assigned. Unless, however, these instances be taken as illustrative of the *power* of Hydropathy merely, and not of the *variety* of its applications, or of its singular *capacity*, much injustice will be done to it. There are large classes of complaints touching very closely on the springs of life, which can be described only by the physician, and which are not suitable for the curious eye. I have been told, for instance, of remarkable aptitudes

in the water-cure, to infirmities incident to the feebler sex; and that, by a prompt and resolute use of it, many a sufferer might have arisen above prolonged debility, sometimes escaped severest pains, and, for a time, evaded death. But I feel that by pushing inquiry farther, I should only transgress the limits alike of subject and space which I prescribed to myself when these pages were begun; and what I have said will, perhaps, accomplish what I wished.—There are two points, however, of general and profound interest, to which, as we close, I would pointedly advert. In the first place, it will occur to most as matter of regret, that a system of treatment so efficacious, and withal so simple, should have hitherto been so little within reach of the *masses* of society. Moderate, certainly, the remuneration demanded at such a place as Ben Rhydding, considering the services, the conveniences, the luxuries even, that are afforded in exchange; it is enough nevertheless, to exclude the multitude, who have but scant share of leisure time, and less share of surplus income. An hospital in the neighbouring village of Ilkley, established by Dr. Macleod, and sustained

professionally by his ever ardent benevolence, offers, indeed, the benefits of treatment for the trifling sum of 11s. a week; and it is most gratifying that what it offers so liberally, is being extensively appreciated.* But although one great establishment in Wharfedale may, even in that populous region, subserve the purposes of most of the wealthier who can reach it—what is ONE *Hospital*, in the midst of the hundreds of thousands of those large towns? I do not condescend now on the means by which the blank may be supplied; one thing is clear, there is no *practical* question better meriting attention from those, who see, in the present lot of the working-

* I witnessed many very interesting cases in this hospital, which I would gladly detail. One poor factory girl, for instance, had been virtually brought back to life in it; she was at first a helpless, and seemingly a hopeless cripple. The Benefit Societies in the neighbouring towns are beginning to send their sick members there—a practice much to be commended. The surplus expenses of the hospital are defrayed by the donations and subscriptions of those who have to spare; visitors at Ben Rhydding being, of course, not last in the good work. Whatever comes of the hint about to be thrown out; it is clear that this hospital should, in the first instance, be greatly enlarged, and made an important place.

man much that humanity deplores, and something not congruous with justice. But farther : in a previous page I referred to the rapid curative action of Hydropathy in cases of FEVER, which, I repeat, it reduces—*if the evil be taken in time*—to something not more serious than a common cold. It is, of course, impossible to receive fever cases in an establishment like Ben Rhydding ; nor are the cases that would go there, at present chiefly in my thoughts. I am thinking rather of those recurring *fever-plagues* which at intervals devastate our large cities ; occurrences, however, which are only extraordinary outbursts of that permanent fever-plague always stalking through their unseen lanes and wynds. Now, to stay that plague, to avert death from such a cause, and all the desolation and destitution following in its train—I have never heard of Hydropathy being yet applied. Fever wards in hospitals we have ; and Fever hospitals apart, when the mortality is more than usually menacing ; and by gigantic efforts the *spread* of the disease is frequently arrested ; *but what is the ratio of deaths ?* The state of the case is most simple ; it is summed up in two propositions,

admitting of no dispute :—*Fever is, of all diseases, the least tractable by ordinary medicine : to Hydropathy on the contrary, it yields almost without resistance.* As a people, we are fond of philanthropy. Let a good be even hoped for, and we have services in profusion ; in behalf of propositions whose foundations are somewhat questionable, we can marshal self-sacrifice in every form : is it not right, then, to ask attention, thus formally, to a field of exertion, as extensive as the necessity is clamant—one in which the exercise of benevolence could never fail to merit the loftier designation of BENEFICENCE ?

BOTANY OF BEN RHYDDING.

A Fell Side and Field Ramble in Wharfedale.

“ God might have made the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak tree and the cedar tree
Without a flower at all ;
The corn without a flower might grow,
Then wherefore had they birth ?
To minister delight to man,
To beautify the earth.”—*Mary Howitt.*

A RAMBLE into the country after wild flowers may seem a trifling pursuit ; but as flowers are the work and gift of a beneficent Creator, the examination of their structure, their adaptation to their peculiar habitats, and their uses—for many of them are not without a use—may become productive of much healthful enjoyment and enlargement of heart.

Many of the lowlands, old enclosures, mountains, and heathy parts of England, as well as the sea coasts, are abundant in a certain class or community of plants, owing to peculiarity of soil or climate.

Scotland has her mountain productions: she boasts that lovely flower called the *Linnæa borealis*, of which the great botanist, whose name it bears, was so proud.

Cumberland and Westmorland possess the largest treasury of ferns. On the coasts of Cornwall and Devon waves the rare Tamarisk (*Tamarix Gallica*); there the Flowering Fern (*Osmunda regalis*) is a regal plant indeed, growing to the height of seven feet. But perhaps to the industrious and enthusiastic botanist, a land like that in which Ben Rbydding is situated is the most satisfactory. Mountain, bog, stream, meadow, and wood, combine to give variety to the supply, and intensity to the search.

If we set out now—more than a month after midsummer—to search out the floral treasures of this

neighbourhood, our store will be but small—only August's quota of the year's abundance. Still there is every reason to believe that we shall find enough and to spare.

Let us set out from the gate leading to the Cow. Look on this broken ledge where the mountain sheep have grazed the herbage so closely; you will find the Tormentil (*Tormentilla reptans*), its bright yellow petals forming a Maltese cross, and its serrated leaves frequently hidden under the grass, which its flowers so richly spangle. Close by, grows the Bilberry, Blaeberry, or Black Whortleberry (*Vaccinium myrtillus*). You must notice its peculiar dwarfishness. Withering says it rises from one to two feet high; here, however, it is so closely nibbled by the hungry sheep as hardly to exceed an inch. Nodding on its airy stem among fern heath or grass, grows the poetic Blue-bell (*Campanula rotundifolia*). On a slope hanging to the north-east, in the clear broad daylight, unlike other ferns, is a large patch of Northern Hard-fern (*Blechnum boreale*). The varieties of Ferns are not numerous in this locality.

But specimens of the Beech Fern (*Polypodium phegopteris*) are found; and the Brake or Bracken (*Pteris aquilina*), interspersed occasionally with the Mountain Fern (*Aspidium oreopteris*), covers whole acres of the uncultivated uplands. We now ascend the rugged slopes, over broken masses of grey stone, among the Ling (*Calluna vulgaris*), and Gorse or Furze (*Ulex Europæus*), occasionally meeting with the Fine-leaved and Cross-leaved Heaths (*Erica cinerea* and *tetralix*), Dyer's Green-weed or Woadwaxen, (*Genista tinctoria*), and common Crowberry (*Empetrum nigrum*). The name of Woadwaxen is singular, like much of the etymology of our English plants. A search into their origin and meaning would not at a future time prove uninteresting; and, while the subject of names is before us, and we have attained that bold crag designated the Cow, why, we would ask, does it bear so unmeaning a name? Simplicity is beautiful, but there should be significance, as well as simplicity, in names. Leaving this beacon rock, we walk over Rumbolds Moor to the Old Well. Near a deep gully, through which you pass, grow a few specimens of the branching Club-

moss ; but your richest treat is among the little streams that, with their tinkling sound, “make music on the silent hill.” After dropping from rock to rock, they spread themselves into broad patches of spongy bogs. These are full of marsh Club-moss, (*Lycopodium inundatum*), and other individuals of the same family ; here the crimson and starry leaves of the Sundew (*Drosera rotundifolia*) expand, and the marsh Pennywort (*Hydrocotyle vulgaris*) lays its round flat leaves on the moss, perfecting its small white flowers and its seeds in secret ; for they grow so near to the spreading roots as to be unobserved by those who are ignorant of its peculiar habit. The Bog Pimpernel (*Anagallis tenella*), a lovely trailing plant, creeps among the masses ; it seems to love companionship, and, as a parasite, clings closely to the surrounding vegetation. Among the stones, where the Bracken or Heath forms a shade, may occasionally be found the Wood Loose-strife (*Lysimachia nemorum*), but, as its name indicates, its spreading stems and delicate yellow flowers flourish best in moist woods. The Cranberry or Marsh Whortleberry (*Vaccinium oxycoccus*), grows on these

spongy bogs; it has a bright, or, rather, deep crimson flower, set on a slender stem, and the fruit is much esteemed.

Near the Old Well is a small tarn, or sheet of water, in which may be found, in their proper seasons, a considerable variety of water plants: we believe the Bog-bean (*Menyanthes trifoliata*) grows there. This plant, with its fringed flowers, was a great favourite among the old herbalists. Rheumatism and dropsies were said to be cured by an infusion of its extremely bitter leaves.

How beautiful and singular are many of our water plants; their physiology is wonderful, and the ease with which they may be cultivated renders them an interesting addition to pleasure grounds.

The Flowering-rush, (*Butomus umbellatus*), the Water-violet, (*Hottonia palstris*), the white and yellow Water-lilies (*Nymphaea alba* and *Nuphar lutea*), the singular Frogbit (*Hydrocharis morsus-ranae*), the family of *Scutellariæ* and many others of equal

beauty, would, if Dr. Macleod could appropriate the fish-pond to their cultivation, form an interesting addition to the attractions of Ben Rhydding.

There is a pleasant walk on the left hand of the grounds leading to Mount Stead, through corn fields and pastures, by the side of a small wood; here grows that flower of all localities, the Foxglove (*Digitalis purpurea*), and the garden-like Campanula (*Trachelium*); under the summer growth of Bramble, Honey-suckle, and Wild Roses, we meet with the *Hypericum perforatum*, and *pulchrum*, the latter lovely in the extreme, and worthy of cultivation, as are all the St. John's worts; Willow-herb (*Epilobium hirsutum*), with occasional Spiked Purple Loose-strife (*Lythrum salicaria*), though the latter generally prefers the side of ponds, where its roots can be under water. The Willow-herb has a singular English name—Codlins and cream. Its scent to a strong imagination *may* suggest that pleasant repast, but its rose-coloured flowers, and singularly winged seeds, are a sufficient recom-

mendation. The fields are full of flowers; in addition to the feathery bents of various kinds of grass, you may soon gather a handsome nosegay. Two kinds of scabious (*Succisa* and *Arvensis*), one most conspicuous,—the English name of *Succisa* is *Devil's bit* scabious,—strongly tempt us to give a quotation which Withering has taken from quaint old Gerard—“The great part of the root seemeth to be bitten away; old fantastick charmers report that the devil did bite it for envy, because it is an herbe that hath so many good virtues, and is so beneficial to mankind.”

Now look closely on the ground as if you were seeking hidden treasure, for under your feet two fair forms are growing worthy of examination; the Milkwort (*Polygala vulgaris*), with its tufted centre and winged corolla exquisitely fashioned, and of an intense blue, sometimes varying to white and pink, doubtless influenced by the soil in which it grows; and the Eye-bright, (*Euphrasia officinalis*), said to be of service to weak eyes. The delicate tinting

of this little flower might please an amateur—pure white, streaked with purple, with a dot of bright yellow, as if touched by the point of a sunbeam.

Let us now go down into this little wood. The hazels are full of nuts—who does not remember the joy of “going a nutting?”—but they are not ripe so we pass on; stems of climbing plants arrest our progress—with honey-suckle is twined the Black-bryony (*Tamus communis*), with its glossy heart-shaped leaves; the whitish green flowers have given place to what will be red berries. It is a lovely but poisonous plant. There hangs the Great Bindweed (*Convolvulus sepium*), with a pure white flower, like a sculptured chalice, and the buds are equally beautiful. We look down on the shady banks, among the moss that covers rough stones and old oak roots. What an elegantly woven carpet of varied leaves in every shade of green. They speak of early spring. Wood Sorrel, (*Oxalis acetosella*) the wood Anemone, the golden Saxifrage, and many others. We have not yet visited the corn fields, with the gaudy Poppy, the singular Venus-

comb, the Polygonums, and Geraniums, and twenty more. Nor have we been down to the river side, where may be found many we have already mentioned, with the great Broad Burdock and elegant Valerian. Bolton woods have not been visited; nor Fairy Dell so full of ferns.

At present our bouquet of wild flowers is made up; a month longer, and their leaves and flowers will be scattered to the winds, and the pleasant party, for whose amusement they were brought together, will most of them have departed; but Spring shall again renew the flowers, and perennial Memory preserve the Past. Farewell.

BEN RHYDDING WELL.

A Song of Health.

FO Ben Rhydding in the dale,
Where balmy blows the gale,
And the silver Wharfe winds clearly,
I came with sorrows worn,
With weary heart forlorn,
And sad thoughts ruled me merely.

To Ben Rhydding in the vale
I came all spare and pale,
And my thin blood travelled slowly ;
With feeble foot I trod
The green and grassy sod,
And the life sank within me wholly.

My soul, as with a pall
Was overspread, and all
Was darkness within and around me ;

I read the holy Book
With timid-searching look,
But no ray of hope there found me.

I knew nor friend nor foe
In the face of man below,
No love with fond wiles could cheer me ;
From me all joy took flight,
My presence brought a blight,
And a curse lay on all things near me.

But blessed be the well
That from its rocky cell
Comes bounding with fresh leap lightly ;
I clomb the dewy slope,
And I quaffed the cup of hope
When the sun in the east shone brightly.

And blessed be the gale
Which the moor birds inhale,
When they spring from their lair in the heather
On the hanging stone high,
The lapwing and I
We sang our wild matins together.

When mist o'erwove the vale,
We snuffed the mountain gale,
I and the lapwing together;
The sun shone bright and clear,
When with light foot like the deer
I brushed the bright dew from the heather.

Now broken was the spell,
And Despair, the demon, fell,
No more with his dark power bound me
I felt in every pore
Vital joyance streaming o'er,
And light was within and around me.

From Ben Rhydding in the dale,
Where balmy blows the gale,
And the silver Wharfe winds clearly,
I went; and, more than wealth,
I brought, full brimming health,
And a fount of glad thoughts merely.



DR. MACLEOD'S LETTER
TO
PROFESSOR J. Y. SIMPSON,

President of the Royal College of Physicians, &c., &c.

CONCERNING THE RESOLUTIONS RECENTLY PASSED BY
THAT BODY IN REFERENCE TO THE THERAPEUTIC
PRACTICE COMMONLY CALLED HOMÆOPATHY.



It has been thought advisable to re-publish the following pamphlet, that Dr. Macleod's views on the medicine treatment may be made known.

LETTER.

“The intelligent physician is not satisfied merely to observe
“and record the results of treatment, but seeks by inquiry and
“reflection to ascertain *how* his remedies produce their effects,
“or in other words—their *mode of operation*. From the earliest
“times to the present day, this has justly been regarded as the
“key stone of Therapeutical science; and the history of medicine
“consists chiefly of the detail of systems based on abstract
“views of the intricate action of remedial agents.”—*Medico*
Chirurgical Review for July 1853.

BEN RHYDDING, OTLEY, YORKSHIRE,
June 20th, 1851.

SIR,—When I received the recent resolutions of
the Royal College of Physicians of Edinburgh, condemning practitioners of Homœopathy, I did not at first consider it incumbent on me to take public notice of them. Doubtful whether they could fairly be applied to one holding the principles in accordance with which I have regulated my professional course,

and, at the same time, prepared to disregard their denunciation, and deny the authority of their requisitions, in case of their being so applied, I discerned no pressing practical necessity to take upon myself the office of remonstrant, or to act otherwise than as if the resolutions had never existed. But circumstances have in so far changed. The period which has elapsed since the promulgation of the decree of the College is a brief one ; yet enough has transpired to convince me, that, on the ground of the contents of that decree, an attempt is being made to represent the claims and injure the practice of Homœopathy, not by controverting or even examining its doctrines, but through means of disreputable imputations regarding every one who has embraced it ; and it is not consistent with my feelings, or sense of duty to my friends and myself, to evade my share of the responsibility by preserving an ambiguous silence, or to pass unnoticed, questionings from whatever source—anonymous or official—as to my honesty and honour. I regret only that I must mix up so much that is personal with the discussion of a subject rightly belonging to abstract dispassionate science ;

but in the present peculiar position of affairs, I deem it necessary to state without scruple to the profession, and to explain to the public, the rights which I claim as a Physician, and the grounds of the independence I shall continue to exercise.

I.

There are still many in Edinburgh not unacquainted with the history of my early medical career. I began it an ardent student, and during nine months each year, and for years together, I was an occupant of the dissecting-room, on an average six hours a-day. I laboured with zeal in the pathological department of the Royal Infirmary for upwards of three years. I performed nearly all the weights and measurements made there during that period. I devoted much of my time to microscopic studies. I went round the wards of the hospital, when the physicians were not there, regularly for several years, watching and examining for myself every case of interest and practical importance; so that I might be able to comprehend, with as much completeness as was possible, the progress of diseases, their varied

phases and tendencies, and also the effects of the treatment pursued. I assisted in the examination of almost all the bodies of those who died in the hospital. I then compared the diagnoses of the disease made by the physicians in attendance, and analyzed carefully the effects of the remedies used in the treatment. I cannot, of course, avoid assuming, that to such studies I brought an average amount of previous culture, of intelligence, and discrimination ; and my early companions can tell that I was neither slothful nor indifferent. And what, even thus early, were my conclusions ? Allowing for all important and inevitable error in diagnosis, I could draw no inference save this, viz.,—that the practice pursued was erroneous, based on no settled principle, without science, and consequently a blind and therefore necessarily a bungling Art. Nay, not only erroneous ; I was forced to conclude also that such treatment is dangerous, frequently undermining the constitution for life, and sometimes hastening death. Then I formed the resolution—one which I have religiously kept—never to have to do with what is commonly called the Drug or Allopathic

Practice, but to devote my energies to the study and teaching of Anatomy and Physiology.

Soon after the period to which I am referring, a circumstance occurred which had great influence on my future views. While I was connected with the Argyle Square School of Medicine, one of the physicianships to the Old Town Royal Public Dispensary became vacant. The late Dr. Campbell, lecturer on midwifery, requested me to apply for it. This I at first declined, but after some pressure, and the promise that I should not be asked to attend, I consented. One afternoon I was unexpectedly called from the dissecting-room by a Pupil in the Dispensary, to visit a person resident in the Cowgate who was seriously ill. None of the other physicians being in the way, I was obliged to go. When there, the Student asked me whether I should like to see a case treated homœopathically. This was at the time when Dr. Wood was publishing his very inconclusive papers upon that subject. I had not read these papers, nor in fact did I know anything of the system. Out of mere curiosity, however, I went and saw the case. There, and for the first time, I met

Dr. Russell, who entered into a short explanation of what is termed the Homœopathic Law. I became interested, and, after reading upon the subject, I made up my mind to put it, as far as I had the opportunity, to the test of experience. I did so, for I think, about a fortnight, in the Royal Public Dispensary, when an unforeseen circumstance interfered with my plans. This was near the close of our winter session; and I resolved to take advantage of the vacation, and examine the subject closely at the Homœopathic Hospital in VIENNA. For four months I watched with much anxiety the results of the practice there; studying at the same time the negative practice pursued by Dr. SKODA, and the allopathic under one of his colleagues. After carefully comparing the results during that time of these several treatments, I was forced to the belief that the Homœopathic is the most efficient; the negative, the next; and the allopathic, not only the least so, but really dangerous, and *that* even in the most skilful hands. I did not become a Homœopathist, for my experience had been as yet too limited to allow me to accept the System in its entirety. Thus far,

however, I felt on secure ground;—I regarded it established, by the unquestionable facts I had witnessed and scrutinised, that *medicine, given in quantity not amounting to more than the ten thousandth part of a drop of the pure tincture, have, when properly administered, a powerful effect in controlling and destroying many diseased actions.*

While in Vienna, accident brought me into contact with various persons who had derived benefit from what is now rather unhappily termed the *hydropathic* treatment. Being a searcher after truth, and never caring much from whom it came, provided I could discern and appropriate it, I proceeded to one of the most celebrated establishments of this description then in Germany. I remained there for some time, and my acquaintance with the phenomena of life soon enabled me to comprehend the principles upon which the treatment is based. Before seeing much of its actual results, I recognised the scientific importance of Water as a curative agent; and because of the close, though indirect relations of the subject with my favourite pursuit, Physiology, I devoted myself for a time to an earnest investigation

of it; chiefly, however, with theoretical aims, as I then had no intention to practise this peculiar treatment. But I saw likewise, that unless in the hands not merely of a medical practitioner, but of one thoroughly and pre-eminently acquainted with the phenomena of life, Hydropathy might hazard the worst results. Simple though it appears, it is an edged tool, unfit to be used by the ignorant. The Physician who wishes to follow out this branch of the practice of medicine ought to be a sound Anatomist; he must have studied with care, and practically, the development of tissue and of animals; he must have made himself acquainted with the varied states of the vital force in the different epochs of life; he should be no meagre Physiologist, and must have a keen diagnostic sense of the reactive powers of the frame.

I returned to Scotland, a believer in the efficacy of minute doses of medicine, when properly administered, in the cure of many diseases; and with a glimmering of the pathological laws upon which this efficacy is based: but with no desire to join any sect. My intention was to work out earnestly and quietly my own views, to assume no name, and to

avoid all dogmatism. With this object I recommenced lecturing; and I confess I then longed for the appointment of Physician to the Royal Infirmary; hospital practice being essential for the realisation of my aims. But—as recent occurrences render it unnecessary to state—the opinions towards which I felt disposed, were no favourites with our authoritative medical men: and I quickly discerned that in Edinburgh my medical experience was likely to be limited within the sphere of private practice, which, although best for the pocket, is not sufficient for testing opinion. Aided by a friend of some rank and great interest, I then thought of office in a distant clime, where to a certain extent I might have realised my hopes. At this critical juncture, however, and when I least expected it, a fit opening occurred in my own country. The office of physician to this establishment at Ben Rhydding had become vacant. When I saw the spacious building, and dwelt on the rare opportunities it might afford for the development and promulgation of Truth, I was moved so powerfully, that on the spot I offered to the chairman to accept the appointment with little

regard to pecuniary remuneration, provided I should be allowed to perform its duties absolutely free from control, and irrespective of sect or party. The inestimable boon was granted me ; and, at the same time, my offer of sacrifice generously refused. I have since spent five happy years in discharge of the duties of my office, and have enjoyed the privilege of treating no fewer than six thousand cases.

II.

I have been forced into these statements, Sir, simply because I will not have it said or suspected, that any opinion of mine has been formed without due consideration, or before I had exhausted every opportunity within my reach, to obtain that information which alone could enable me to judge. Such proof, indeed, would not, in ordinary circumstances, have been either offered or required. But it is not to be overlooked, that by those writers in the professional press, who have chosen to take part in this controversy, insinuations of the most unworthy description have been, and still are being, lavishly scattered, with a view to damage at all hazards the

repute and authority of the objects of their displeasure ; and I have thought it a duty to truth to place on record, such undeniable facts, as seem sufficient to meet a course of remark, to which no member of a liberal profession ought ever to have stooped, and which, but for the public considerations involved in the discussion, I would certainly have treated with scorn.

Let me pass to a more welcome and important task. I mean to explain now, without reserve, and as distinctly and briefly as I can, the nature of my position and opinions regarding the points in dispute. The College has thought fit to send forth one challenge, which, for reasons I shall soon give, I do not mean to accept: at least I shall accept it in my own way ; I shall lay bare all my heresies—if heretical I be—so that no doubt or hesitation, in so far as I am concerned, may interfere with the future proceedings of that corporate body. The mere statement, however, that I am or might be fancied a homœopathist would not suffice for my present aim. Before penalties are inflicted they should be righteously apportioned: for which reason it seems essential

that those relations be understood which the obnoxious system can be said to hold to medical science and its resources. Apart from clear and well-defined notions in this respect, it seems to me impossible to determine accurately, to what extent certain deviations from current opinion, involve, or can be supposed to involve, disregard of obligations to the College.

I. There is one grand range of diseased actions, in the treatment of which neither homœopathy nor any system of pure therapeutics ought to play any part; I mean the ailments springing from disarrangement of those fundamental CHEMICAL and PHYSIOLOGICAL operations which build up and sustain the vital frame. From ORGANIC CHEMISTRY the physician acquires an exact or scientific knowledge of the substances of which the healthy structure is composed; and he may thence deduce a sound hygienic theory of regimen. If disease has arisen from deficient supply or excess of any essential element, and if by skilful diagnosis he has detected the fact of this excess or deficiency, it is of course his duty

to regulate regimen by the discovery, and to exhibit if necessary, although not in the form of what is usually termed *food*, whatever can re-adjust the composition of the organic structure. I allude here to the introduction of substances furnishing in abundance oxide of iron, phosphate of lime, &c. Organic chemistry demands, indeed, more. It requires, for instance, that we see to the presence of substances whose function it is, as *media*, to facilitate the progress of decomposition and renewal; but as nothing in homœopathy is connected with this practice, I shall not prolong consideration of it. I would remark, however, that even in this, apparently the simplest branch of the practice of medicine, the most skilful can scarcely boast that his knowledge is final or complete. In recent years serious innovations have disturbed former opinions; unsettling, often inconveniently, what was assumed to have been settled long ago. Witness the astounding, or, to say the least, the very sweeping dogmata of Mulder and Liebig.

Much more important and comprehensive, however, is that branch of the healing art which draws

its practice from a right interpretation and use of the PHYSIOLOGICAL laws. It needs not at this time to be recalled to any one, that a power or energy unlike every force that is known, and which we term the VITAL FORCE, presides over the entire functions of the organic structure, and gives harmony to the action of each individual part. Now I am certain that I agree with our best physicians in confidently asserting, that the greater proportion of the ailments which come under treatment arise in the languor or undertone, general or local, of this preserving and controlling energy. In their origin, at least, they are functional derangements merely, to be cured, of course, only by the restoration of the power of the function; an office which no *medicine* can perform; for although a drug or artificial stimulus may relieve obstruction and produce temporary excitement, it never can strengthen the tissue or organ which primarily gave way, and therefore permanently remove the patient's name from the visiting book. It is thus a foremost question, *By what means can the VITAL FORCE be re-invigorated; by what appliances can we restore the energy it needs, so that it evolve a healthy*

organism? Nor is the answer to seek : it was given long ago by the father of English medicine on his deathbed — the immortal Sydenham : — “ Do not despond,” said he, “ for medicine : I leave with you the three great physicians—AIR, WATER, EXERCISE.” The maxim is now old; nay, though seldom expressed so tersely, or by such authority, it is as old as all truth, and the existence of man’s ordinary instincts ; but the cordial acceptance of it in professional practice is not yet so old. I am not certain, indeed, that individuals are not still to be found, who might pamper a patient, amid heated rooms, by administering substances foreign to the living structure, under the name of *tonics* ; just as, in previous times, wine and brandy were considered elements of strength. Nevertheless, and notwithstanding the persistency of a few stray aberrants, it can be said with rejoicing, that, within the last fifteen or twenty years, the views of SYDENHAM have advanced with most rapid strides towards their rightful influence. In the course of a brief portion of that interval, the necessity of obedience to physiological laws has been recognised, and sought to be

enforced in practice by the great Councils of our Nation (for *this*, and nothing less, is the significance of the growing triumph of sanitary Legislation. Nor can I avoid remarking, that the same period records the origin of what is unquestionably (I avow it nothing the less willingly as I may now do it in safety,—coveting nothing of martyrdom) the greatest practical benefit conferred in modern times on mankind by the healing art:—I mean, the study and scientific development of the use of Water as a natural stimulus. With the efficacy of this agent in raising the tone of the languid frame, men have probably been acquainted from the date of the origin of our race; but it seems to have been strangely overlooked, that it can be employed in a greater variety of ways than any other similar hygienic or curative agent. Besides having the power to augment the general vigour, it can be made to increase the circulation of the blood, and regulate its movements; it enables us to strengthen the organs of digestion, to stimulate the bowels, to raise the tone of the brain—thereby giving to the nerves of volition a greater control over the excito-motory system

—a system upon which the existence of many diseases greatly depends. I have already expressed myself as to the skill and caution requisite in using an agency so powerful; but in proportion to the hazard springing from an injudicious intermeddling with such a power is the extent of the sphere of its applications and the amount of its beneficence. Nor do I believe that we have yet duly appreciated either its marvellous flexibility or the variety and magnitude of the resources which it lays open to the considerate physician.

II. In regard of the details of a subject, so large and arduous as the pure physiological treatment of disease, it can scarcely be expected that a numerous body of men should arrive early at unanimity; but I hazard nothing in asserting, what is enough for my present purpose, viz. that the practitioner who does not lean principally on Sydenham's memorable maxim—who ventures to lay violent hands on any structure, or to introduce into the system substances naturally hostile to it, unless the application of that maxim, and all effective direct action on the vital force, have been forbidden by paramount and uncon-

trollable circumstances, that such a practitioner has not sought the best aid of modern Science towards alleviation of the ills of humanity, and has not the support of the soundest Authorities of our time. This being true, the field of the present discussion is considerably narrowed ; for it follows, that only in cases of *abeyance on the part of Physiological practice*, ought THERAPEUTICS, under our present lights, to be resorted to,—THERAPEUTICS, signifying, technically, *the introduction into the organised system, of substances alien to its composition, and for the most part inimical to its structures, in order that, by specific action on individual parts, certain curative changes may be produced.* Several causes may affect the applicability to individual instances of physiological practices ; in some cases, perhaps, the circumstances and position of the patient ; but the leading hindrance is this,—derangements long neglected may issue in diseases so rapid in action that the physician dare not wait for a comparatively slow, even though sure, restoration, by the agency of natural stimuli. The question as to treatment thus becomes, in so far, one as to *time*—a principle which excludes also from the

field of existing debate that class of serious cases in which the rule is prompt and decisive action, in which the practitioner has not the opportunity of introducing much systematic treatment, but is obliged, at whatever risk, to enable the sufferer to survive for three minutes if only he can prevent his dying in two. Now, whatever be in this latter remark,—to which, indeed, I care not to attach importance,—one thing, I think, must be plain, viz. therapeutics, as above defined, is, under any of its forms, only that *remnant* or *residual*, although very important, portion of the art of medicine which the higher, more assured because more natural Practice, has not yet absorbed. It is, so to speak, *outfield*—not to be neglected, indeed, even as an outfield, but on which it is the hope, and, as I solemnly believe, the destiny of Physiology to make, every year that passes, some novel, salutary, and memorable inroad. Who knows better than you, sir, that the drug practice of our day is that which least of all can be expected to preserve its existing influence? Reflect for a moment on the principles, if I may call them so, not of any remote century, but which commanded allegiance

some fifty years ago! How many of them have given way before ever-increasing knowledge! How many impediments to the application of true curative principles have been removed by the progress of society and the amelioration of social conditions! How many derangements we can now arrest in their origin, preventing them from developing into morbid disease; and, even where disease has supervened, how different the treatment. Look at that appalling mortar in our museum, which belonged to your illustrious relative CULLEN; compare it with your own; and sure I am you cannot dream that *yours*, like the famed jug of Linlithgow, shall go down as a fixed measure of capacity to all future time! Well, then—and concerning the fact let there be no mistake anywhere—it is *because of their relations to this same Outfield*, because they hold what are denominated heretical views regarding the method of using it in the meantime,—because of *this and this alone*, that from your seat, as president of the College, you have consented to pronounce against certain of your fellows the severest condemnation, to inflict the heaviest penalties within the power of any corpora-

tion. You did not, indeed, expel them, but you proclaimed that if they were men of honour and honesty, they would confess their unworthiness and withdraw; nay, further, you warned, perhaps I should say debarred, all who owe you fealty, from holding intercourse with them or recognising them in any case as instructed, skilful, or trustworthy physicians. Surely this was a harsh proceeding, and not easily justified. Would you refuse, for instance—say to the first Physiologist of Europe—the privilege of your membership simply because he may not condemn the principles of Hahnemann? Could such a man throw no acceptable light on the nature of disease? Might he not aid in diagnosis? Nay, Sir, I am not sure but there are points connected with your own special and very remarkable practice, in reference to which, notwithstanding his heresies, he could offer certain quiet counsels not wholly irrational. You have considered apparently, and decreed the taint of Homœopathy to be so malignant, that the mind it has affected can be sound nowhere—the knowledge with which it mingles, no matter how extensive or profound, productive only of bitterness to mankind. If this be

true, the taint must indeed be a black one. I must beg you to examine it with me. In the scheme which follows, I have used my own language, and expressed simply my own views : I believe that, in the main, they are concurrent with Hahnemann's (although perhaps he did not see with sufficient clearness the general principles upon which his maxims rest;) but in all such cases I dislike employing the phraseology of a sect. The first and second columns are placed in opposition to each other ; nor does there appear, at present, any bridge leading across.

Scheme of Prevalent Therapeutics.

I. PRINCIPLES OF RATIONAL OR SYSTEMATIC THERAPEUTICS.

1. If the causes of disease were always known, or within reach, the process of cure would consist in destroying or abating them. But though causes cannot always be reached, the organic seat of the disease is generally known. Certain classes of diseases affect certain tissues or organs ; and the same tissue or

II. PRINCIPLES OF EMPIRICAL OR TENTATIVE PRACTICE.

1. The causes of disease are in no case entirely known ; but, unless we can approach these, we must find the greatest difficulty in ascertaining to what extent the exhibition of a supposed remedy really exerts beneficial effect on morbid changes.

organ, when diseased, or unnaturally excited by any cause, gives rise uniformly to the same class of disagreeable sensations, or *symptoms*.

2. It is found that two diseases cannot co-exist in the same tissue; the more powerful one uniformly pressing out or extinguishing the other. If, when a tissue has become diseased from unknown causes, it were possible to introduce into the same tissue, by some known or controllable agency, another disease of due amount or intensity, it follows that the original one might be extinguished; and as the indirect disease or excitement depends on the presence of an irritant we command, *it* too could be withdrawn at will, and its effects destroyed.

2. To discover the remedy for a disease, observations must be multiplied on individual cases to which any particular remedy is applied; and the varying circumstances of these cases carefully noted; so that extensive statistical evidence be obtained as to the efficacy of the remedy, and the influence of the other causes acting simultaneously.

3. Medicines are artificial stimuli, in the main hostile to the organic structure, which act specifically; that is, a certain medicine irritates primarily its

3. The discovery in question is retarded by the following causes:—1st. The natural tendency of diseased action to spontaneous abatement, which

special tissues or organs. If such specifics could be found for every tissue, or, what is the same thing, substances capable of evolving diseased actions *analogous* to those of every known disease, we should obtain a sure and complete *Materia Medica*; for, on the ground of our second principle, a method would then exist for overcoming any unhealthy action. But, to discover these specifics, we have merely to test medicines on the healthy organism, and to arrange them into classes and species, according to the diseased symptoms they produce. For constructing such a *Materia Medica*, there is thus open to the enquirer an unlimited sphere of experiment.

4. The precise mode in which medicines change the condition of a tissue is unknown. It may be by chemical action, or by the excitement of physical energies, such as electricity, &c. But it is established by experience, that on certain diseased states

is very frequently mistaken for the effects of the remedies. *2d.* The unknown natural influence of other circumstances in the situation of patients; as of the antiphlogistic regimen when depletion is employed, or of change of season or scene during the operation of tonics. *3rd.* The extreme diversity of diseased actions in themselves, although belonging to the same class; and therefore corresponding doubt as to the probable result, independently of all remedies. *4th.* Diversity of constitutions, causing important modifications of the result under any practice.—There is thus no sure test or *experimentum crucis* with regard to any remedy.

4. Assuming that medicines act in proportion to their quantity or weight, it necessarily follows that there can be no virtue in infinitesimal doses.

medicines act powerfully if administered in very small quantities minutely subdivided or in solution, and when the doses are repeated at brief intervals. This truth was suggested by various and obvious processes of nature ; but the physiological theory of small doses is still a desideratum.

N.B.—The first three of the foregoing clauses are transcribed although not verbally, from Professor Alison's " Outlines of Pathology," Chap. IV. See *Appendix II.*

III. RESULTS AND PHENOMENA ACCEPTED IN BOTH PRACTICES AND REFERABLE TO THE PRINCIPLES OF PRACTICE I.

And now as to the *taint*. With the plan of battle distinctly before us, I think I may fairly ask you to place your finger on those precise mistakes or treasons, for which, according to the newspapers, I and others, have been condemned? It is clear, that a doctrine involving *several distinct questions* of corresponding importance, cannot with propriety, be *summarily* judged or shoved aside merely by a convenient dyslogistic use of the technical term " Homœopathy."

I. Is it, in the first place, because I cannot assent to the certainty of the conclusions of the tentative system, or accept as infallible, its *Materia Medica*? Tell me, then, as a preliminary, what thoughtful Physician of the present day does, in very truth, that which I decline to do? I am not speaking, be it observed, of any man's speculative belief, or supposed belief, but of the manner in which that *Materia Medica* is regarded by skilful men as a *guide in practice and actual dealings* with disease. I aver it, Sir, as notorious, that every successful Physician has *his own Materia Medica*, notwithstanding his subscription to what the College appears to consider an uniform and obligatory test. In the whole annals of legislation, I venture to assert that no greater failure is recorded than yours must be, if you intend to lay down *absolute rules* regarding the action and employment of allopathic remedies. Only examine the case as Dr. Alison states it, by light of the first principles of logic; and I am sure you will agree with me, that *if* accurate results have been reached, success has been attained under circumstances so complex and so hopeless, that it should be accounted

for ever, a very miracle of inductive effort. It appears on the first blush of the matter, that you undertake to group together a number of most varied and composite phenomena, and to detect their laws and elementary principles—without aid from any one *guiding* or *superior* scheme, without the possibility of forming even a legitimate hypothesis! But passing this by, look at the *number* of elementary principles in operation in *each* of the observed phenomena; and say, what hope there is of disentangling them *empirically*! Take, in illustration, *one single drug*, and suppose we would ascertain the efficacy of its exhibition, in reference to *one disease*. As Dr. Alison most correctly warns us, we can draw no safe conclusion from *one* experience; because many modifying circumstances, whose specific influences are also unknown, combine with the operation of the drug, and assist in producing the result. We shall take the number of these circumstances at *ten*; in which case the inquiry would be as follows:—upon a patient, under one disease, ten unknown influences and a drug are acting; and we wish to find the exact therapeutic power of the drug over that disease!

Is it not, indeed, a promising problem? And does it much encourage you to proceed further—to draw up what Dr. Alison might consider statistics sufficient for completing the theory of the one drug, or to formulise its efficacy, not in one disease only, but on unhealthy action in general? No wonder, indeed, that vagueness, uncertainty, incoherence, prevail in such a field! Well might Skoda, the first consulting physician in Vienna, reply, with his emphatic German shrug, on my speaking of a laborious work on *Materia Medica*, then new and somewhat talked of in this country, “*Es ist gar nichts.*” Can we marvel at the doubts which harrassed the last hours of excellent Bailey, lest “he had killed as many as he had cured.” Doubts, I believe, without ground; but showing, not the less forcibly the state of his convictions; doubts which no one should entertain, not a shadow of them, regarding many admirable friends of the sick man, notwithstanding their speculative profession of allopathy. These men practise, however, not in concurrence with their system, far less in blind obedience to it—drawing, on the contrary, wisdom and authority from a personal experience

conducted with rare sagacity, integrity, and kindness; but *then* the PHYSICIAN is made, not by the uncertain and useless DOCTRINE, but by the precious qualities of the MAN.

II. I incline to the opinion, that the error with which we are charged is not resident in our mere abnegation of tentative practice. Generally speaking, scepticism has a respectable, if not a fashionable air about it, and is seldom disliked in our tone-giving *salons*. At any rate, I find myself in this respect in very good company. When I term Rokitansky the foremost pathologist in Europe, I am not wide of the mark; and certainly he has as little respect for allopathy, and its sandy foundations, as is professed by Baron Louis.—Let me turn, however, to the *positive* belief I have been induced to entertain; for, as usual, the cause of offence is probably there. And I find in it *three distinct points*, respecting each of which I venture to put specifically the question I have already asked:—

First, In clauses first and second, under the column “Rational or Systematic Practice,” I have

given what seems to me the physiological ground of Hahnemann's well-known maxim, "*Similia similibus curantur*." I stand, in the meantime, by that explanation; and observation and experience alike embolden me to stand by the authority of the maxim. If my error is here, I would beg to recal to the College, that the truth of that supposed error shines forth through many of the most remarkable facts recorded in the history of medicine; and I shall venture to say farther, that the same error is every year obtaining additional influence over ordinary practice. Can we have forgotten the name of the immortal Jenner, and the achievement connected with it? What has Willis testified of the sweating sickness of 1485, terrible as the plague;—*that its ravages were stayed by agency of a SPECIFIC*—the specific being SUDORIFICS. Again, thus writes Dr. Alison, "In a very few instances only we can ascribe to certain remedies, a *specific* power, known only by experience, and apparently unconnected with any sensible effect of counteracting certain morbid actions, and so preventing their injurious effects. The best example its cinchona, or its alkaloid, quinine, over

intermittent fever. The effect of certain remedies, usually called 'alteratives,' on the results of certain specific inflammations—of mercury, in various inflammations; of sulphur, in scabies; of colchicum, in rheumatism or gouty inflammation; of iodine, or sarsaparilla and other vegetables, on certain forms of inflammation of the periosteum and skin—although less powerful, may likewise be called specific, in the present state of our knowledge." *Specifics* they indeed are; and that "sensible effect in counteracting certain morbid actions," which Dr. Alison cannot connect with them, is derived simply from this—they produce in the healthy frame that very *character of diseased action* which, as he has stated, they cure. Strange that so experienced a pathologist, and so learned a physiologist, could let a fact so remarkable slip by him without notice! Stranger still, perhaps, that, with Jenner's great discovery so long before us, it should have fallen to Hahnemann alone to feel assured of its relationship with some great yet unseen general principle! The English, indeed, are proverbially averse to generalising; but I believe we could never have put aside warnings so emphatic, had not

the edge been worn off our judgments by our unhappy familiarity with mere empiricism in medicine ; a familiarity of endurance so prolonged, that we have almost fallen into the error of considering empiricism essential as a foundation of safe Practice.

Secondly. Next in order comes the principle, that *the power of specifics may be discovered and tested by experiment on the healthy organism.* Is this untrue ? Or, rather, if the foregoing homœopathic law be correct, is it not an immediate and incontrovertible inference—that the method referred to is as *sure* as it is *fertile* ? It has always appeared to me most important, as a verification, or rather confirmation, of Hahnemann's views, that everything needful to the formation of a complete system and practical code, flows out of his first principle : while, at the same time, such consequences are not involved in it by way of latent assumptions. And certainly Dr. Alison cannot object to *this* special conclusion, inasmuch as he recommends a similar process of experimenting, as an aid in his own system. But, alas for Empiricism : it is here attempting to thread the labyrinth without a clue !

Lastly, We reach that formidable *caviare* to the multitude—the subject-matter of most of the wretched wit, and more absurd abuse, expended in this country on the discoveries of Hahnemann; viz. the “infinitesimal doses.” It would, doubtless, astonish not a few, to be assured that this portion of the subject has really no connexion with the scientific foundations of homœopathy. It is essentially a *separate substantive proposition*, bearing on the question as to how medicines act on organised tissues; and, as such, it professes to stand on the precise ground claimed in support of the opposing proposition, that efficiency is proportional to *weight*. The decision as to the comparative accuracy of these two doctrines rests, in the meantime, wholly with *experience*. But, besides full and satisfactory results already derived from such experience, I could claim on behalf of Hahnemann's practice, singular confirmation from ordinary Medicine, and equally singular analogies with great processes in Nature. Who will venture to assert, for instance, that the *really infecting* matter which produces disease in vaccination, is not an infinitesimal dose,—not the matter introduced, but the

really influential or infecting part of it? Is it not the belief, too, that infection comes from the diseased body, or from malaria, through what we inhale? And yet who ever discovered, so as to *weigh* it, the virus surrounding a patient stricken with the plague, or that issuing from the Pontine marshes and tainting all the atmosphere? I grant, indeed, that it were well had we here any real physiological or positive light to guide us to conclusions, or to sustain our inferences from experience. But the deficiency characterises both systems alike. It were scarcely fair to brand the *one* because of an imperfection which avowedly inheres, and at least to an equal extent, in its opposite. I leave it to the thorough-going partisan to maintain that the *theory* of homœopathy is in all respects what a final theory ought to be; but it is surely enough, if, amid this, generally allowed, universal darkness, regarding the *mode* of the action of medicines of any kind, I can point to *success* in justification of my own principles of exhibition; not certainly implying that success may not often also seem to attend an apparently opposite procedure. Facts which now appear conflicting will,

no doubt, be eventually harmonised: until the period of full knowledge supervenes, however, no man should be blamed for continuing that system of administration which experience shows him to be connected the most closely, with the expectation of beneficial results.

You, Sir, I am sure, will not so far mistake me as to suppose that I have put forward these observations by way of formal discussion concerning the great scientific question. My purpose, on the contrary, is quite a limited one ; and, to accomplish that, perhaps I have said enough. I have wished to state plainly the nature of my own views and practice, so that, regarding this part of the subject, there be no ambiguity or mistake. But I have wished also to state the form in which alone, I think, the question can be looked at *judicially*. As a defender in the case, I deny that the wholesale condemnation which you have issued is competent. In so far as your sentence can effect it, you have denied us the rights of physicians *in toto* (the right, I mean, to meet our fellows in consultation), while the supposed heresy you intend to condemn extends over only a

part of a Physician's practice, and that the part which is confessedly unsatisfactory. And in one simple finding you include judgment upon at least *three different counts*, essentially independent of each other, and which ought not to have been confounded. I object to that judgment, therefore, as bad, in every view that can be taken of it. It is bad in equity and in law; in form, as, I believe, in substance. On these grounds, I request from the College reconsideration of its recent course. Whether that should lead to *reversal* of their entire finding, or of any of its parts, it is not my function to decide. But one thing it is my function to decide, and mine alone. I have carefully considered the effect of my opinions, and the obligations under which I am laid by my Fellowship. I feel I have done nothing in thought or act, in practice or speculation, to forfeit the honour I once asked, and continue to value. I therefore, Sir, reply to the requisition of the meeting over which you presided, respectfully, but firmly, and without a wish to interfere with your future course and decision, *that I do not withdraw from the Corporation, and that I cannot obey the other portions of its late Resolutions.*

III.

It cannot be incompetent, and I trust, Sir, you will not deem it unbecoming, that I now use my privilege as a FELLOW, to enter a brief but unqualified protest against these recent proceedings. Looking at them without reference to any personal interests or applications, I consider them eminently hazardous to the future reputation of the COLLEGE, unjustifiable in our present position, and not calculated to exert any beneficial influence in furtherance of the public safety.

I. With details of similar occurrences, found, I believe, in the History of every branch of Science, it is by no means my intention to detain you, I do not recollect, indeed, any memorable accession to our knowledge, which, on its introduction, did not encounter the firm, persistent, though powerless, opposition of existing Corporations; but none need be ignorant that to warnings of this sort, quoted for the sake of regulating present conduct, the answer is always at hand—"HISTORY is only an OLD ALMANAC; and though people committed blunders *then*, CIRCUM-

STANCES are different *now*." It will, however, I think, be conceded, that the frequent occurrence of such "blunders" must be referable to some general *cause*; and that on a clear apprehension and appreciation of that cause, depends our ability to derive wisdom from Experience, and to illustrate the Present by aid of lights from the Past. Now, the errors into which corporations have fallen may be traced to a serious mistake as to the true object and function of such associations. Regarding the high value of scientific associations, no man, indeed, can doubt; but I suspect that their usefulness is confined to the exercise of the power which combination gives, towards promoting the discovery of POSITIVE TRUTH; and that when they endeavour to consecrate NEGATIONS, or, what is the same thing, to discourage or bear down—by force also of combination—separate and individual exertion, they fail, because they *must* fail; not *usually* merely, but *necessarily*, and therefore *uniformly*. The influence of any compact and earnest Society in assisting the private inquirer—whether by clearing his road of obstacles, warding off discouragements springing from popular ignorance or hostility, or by

sustaining him with direct encouragement, manifesting sympathy with the high feeling which carries him on, and it may be gaining for him substantial though indirect assistance,—influence of this sort must certainly be always salutary, and there are cases in which its effects might be immense. Acting in co-operation for ends so beneficent, men are bound together by all that is generous and energetic in our nature, and there is scarcely a possible object which they cannot then accomplish ; but if—misled by the consciousness of what they can do and have done, when fulfilling their generous mission—Societies turn round, in expectation of exerting an equal influence in the *opposite* direction, they commit a very fatal mistake. Who knows not, I beg to ask, the serious difficulty experienced by the most earnest searcher after Truth, in his endeavour to *realise* the claims of any new system, foreign to his previous modes of conception ? I believe that minds even of the freest and most unbiassed texture, cannot find themselves in contact with views upsetting their own, without experiencing at first a strong and unreflecting *antagonism*. Nor is this mere prejudice,

or symptomatic of wilful blindness ; it results necessarily from the influence of habit—from the fact that our convictions are dear to us, because, when sincere, they affect our whole mind and life. The Germans have described the difficulty well : they say, that at first we necessarily look from our own *stand-punkt* ; whereas, in justice to Truth, we should try to pass across to the *stand-punkt* of the other inquirer. It is precisely the old case of the silver and golden shield. Now, if this be notoriously true, even with the sincere *individual* who has felt especially called on to look at the new question, how slight the probability of an equitable negative judgment on the part of a *number of men*, very few of whom can have been personally moved towards a strict examination of the question ; whose intellectual faculties are as various as their faces ; who have enjoyed no corresponding opportunities ; who as a mass, never sought out the *stand-punkt* of their opponent, and are bound together solely by a common sympathy with that first, irrational, but strong feeling of antagonism ? I question not that within every such Body a few may be found who have done

their utmost to comprehend the subject—reaching, by a path which they deemed fair, a hostile opinion; but if men are not raised above the frailties of Men, simply by becoming Corporators, even an *unanimous* opposition can rarely argue any strict scrutiny or sound deliverance regarding a Scientific Truth. An harmonious vote, indeed, will, in such circumstances, proclaim that the feeling of *Antagonism* is universal; but one has only to inquire into the *grounds* of that antagonism—the impulses which have produced each vote, and the delusion concerning the “unanimity,” at once disappears. On the front bench, for instance, you may have some one, with his head high up amid Aristocratic Ideas, who hates innovation, and never descended to the vulgarity of acknowledging a *Novus Homo*—of admitting a new conception in the course of his life. Beside him you will have Old Men, who, having attained respect and authority, are possessed by the conservatism natural to Age. Turning to other benches, one needs not miss the timid, the easy, the fortunate—men who consider what *is*, safer than what *might be*, who dislike trouble, or find the world prosperous enough as it goes.

Scattered about—each a separate atom—are your “original Thinkers,” your men of crotchets; crotchets all containing probably, some truth, but which strangely enough are valued the most by their Parents, on account, not of their beauties, but of their deformities—because of the amount they contain of what is exaggerated or false. Exclude such classes—which exist in every society—and how many remain? With regard to that remnant too, can you predict real uniformity of opinion, when, as in the case before us, the disputed matter is not a single point, but essentially *composite*? In regard to *which part* is it, that each separate judge would sustain the righteousness of his black ball? Truly it were easier to extract, on Dr. Alison’s principle, the specific action of a drug from one solitary experiment; easier to interpret the darkest hieroglyphic, than to give consistent or rational significance to the contents of such a ballot-box! Unless, indeed, through some singular concurrence of causes, no determination, thus come to, can possibly stand; and small marvel is it that decrees so originating have no force except in recoil; that they

never have shaken, and never can shake, the purpose or perseverance of the Man who, through patient and dispassionate meditation, has gained the track to discovery.

II. Further, however: no man, no Society at least, seems to me entitled to interfere authoritatively with the honest efforts of others to attain some object of public importance, unless it can be shown either that the same end has already been attained, or that, through some better process, success is at hand. It ought to be held as a canon, that until Science has reached its *ultimate* Laws, it is essentially *free*; so long as the knowledge of these Laws is in the distance, no hand of authority ought to be laid on the Inquirer who is struggling to attain it. Now, Sir, of that Empirical System, which in this country we find pitted against our Rational Therapeutics, I mean to say little more. I have already shown its extraordinary looseness *as* an empirical scheme; and I have asserted that it is losing ground yearly; I have called attention to the fact, that the use made of it in practice is so various, that, apart from the books in which

its formulæ are written, no one can say with certainty what it is. Let me narrate merely one or two circumstances that came under my cognisance years ago, as illustrations; and then I shall ask again, what is really the value of the system, in virtual defence of which our College has felt it necessary to put on at present so hot an antagonism, and to send forth these denunciations. Formerly—I do not know if it is so now—there were several fever wards in the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary, of which three Fellows of the Royal College of Physicians had the charge. One physician had the top ward, another the middle ward, and a third the low ward. It happened, that on the same day, three young persons of nearly the same age, ill of typhus fever, were admitted into the hospital. The disease was of equal severity in each, and the stage of complaint the same in all. What was the treatment, think you, pursued in those three cases, by the three Fellows of the College? Of course it should have been the same, at least if the *system* be correct; for the Physicians in question would choose the best. But, Sir, it was not the same. He in the top ward bled his patient with

lancet and with leeches. He in the middle ward physicked his patient with drastic purgatives; and if he saw a large, comfortable effect, he gave praise, and was content. He in the low ward, again, gave whisky, wine, and opiates. What was the result of such deplorable freaks? I refer you to the statistic-book; I have no doubt you will find it there!—In the University formerly, two Professors used to lecture, on alternate days, on clinical medicine. It happened once that each had, at the same time under his care an acute case of *pericarditis*. The Professor, who lectured upon his case on Monday night, said, in substance, as follows:—“Gentlemen,—As to the treatment of this disease, it has been the practice to give large doses of mercury so as to bring the constitution under its action; and to effect this as rapidly as possible, small quantities of opium are usually combined with it. The practice I, however, believe to be erroneous; for I have observed the progress of the disease unchecked, even during profuse salivation. The most efficient remedy—in fact our *sheet anchor*—in this disease is *Tartar Emetic*. You will have noticed the large doses I have given

of this remedy, and yet the patient seems not to suffer from it. In fact, the constitution in this disease, as in some others, has a remarkable tolerance for Tartar Emetic." When the lecture was finished, I left the hall, fancying I had learned some great truth, and knew better than an hour before, how to save life. On Wednesday evening, during the same week, in the same hall, and to the same students, the other Professor lectured. The lecture was devoted to the acute case of *pericarditis* under his care in the hospital. After describing the case, and giving a sketch of the character and progress of disease, he spoke in substance as follows:—"Gentlemen,—It is a remarkable thing that there should be any difference in regard to the mode of treatment to be pursued in a disease such as this I believe it is the Italian and French schools which advocate so very strongly the employment of Tartar Emetic; but I would strongly urge you to put no confidence in this remedy; for if you do so, you will lean on a broken reed. Our *sheet-anchor* in this disease is *Mercury*; under the action of which you must bring the patient as soon and as freely as you

possibly can—even bleeding is of little importance in comparison with the use of mercury. The two combined, *i.e.*, mercury and bloodletting, is of course best, but at all events use mercury, and never trust to Tartar Emetic.” What effect was produced on the minds of the students by such opposite teachings I cannot say. I can, however, speak for *one*.—He walked down into the noble quadrangle in bitterness, and gave involuntary utterance to the words, “No wonder that Sir James Macintosh forsook the study of medicine.”

III. Assuming that it cannot be the wish, as it has not been the practice, of bodies like our College, to descend gratuitously into the arena of controversy, I would put the question, How far it may be expected that, by their present action, they can forward any public object, or avert danger from the public health? In the first place, what effect can follow from the Resolutions, on minds already favourably disposed towards the denounced doctrines? Let us notice how Homœopathy now stands, and the nature of its hold on opinion. Has it been accepted only

by the ignorant? Is it professed only by quacks and impostors? Let not the College be deceived. Our leaders should not shut their eyes to the fact, that the system in question is assented to by thinkers as enlightened and acute as any in this age, and that its disciples are not of the multitude. Is a man like Bunsen, for instance, or Archbishop Whately, or indeed any one who can probe more than skin-deep, likely to be deceived by the superficial but meaningless unanimity of that ballot-box? The list of its professional cultivators, too, notoriously contains the names of as reputable and instructed physicians as any in Europe. Not one solitary practitioner, I believe, will that unhappy decree turn from his course; nor will it shake the faith of a single patient who has tested the system by experience.—Then again, as to the general public? Is it not the most probable result of a simple authoritative decree like the one we are considering, that it will rather rouse prejudice against it? Those tales of futile and frequent exactions of this sort, in former times, are rife enough to reach and fill the general ear; and on the face of present circumstances, there is nothing peculiar,

nothing to satisfy any one that the old blunder has not been repeated. The decree, I have said is simple and unattended. It is an utterance from Authority regarding certain matters still under inquiry; and it is nothing more. It is unaccompanied by any effort at persuasion, or by the faintest promise of service in the way of clearing up existing difficulties. One great, one inestimable, service the College might have rendered; nor is it yet too late. It is a service, likewise, in perfect harmony with our English idiosyncrasy, which, as I have said, is averse to generalisation. I refer to the establishment of a great Hospital, wherein the operations of the new system of cure might be seen and examined by all; furnishing alike to the Student and advanced Practitioner, the only true means of reaching correct judgment on a matter of paramount, professional as well as public concern.

And now, SIR, permit me to say, in conclusion, that the necessity of writing as I have done, and the change of relationships which that necessity in so far involves, are the reverse of agreeable to me. Division from former friends, and a loosening of

early associations, cannot but be painful:—such things are no slight argument of the anxieties besetting every conscientious mind, when its ancient convictions are being shaken. I esteem it fortunate, however, that an effort—it may be, slight—to vindicate the rights of inquiry, and ask justice for men whose offence can seem to *you* so little serious as mine, should have been demanded of me personally and as a Fellow of the College, under *your* Presidentship. Concerning your own action in these recent deliberations, I know positively nothing; but I shall not question the sympathy of one who has never been blamed for resisting novelties himself; who has perhaps introduced more serious and startling courses of practice than any other cotemporary British Physician; who is certainly not bound by formulæ of colleges, but, on the contrary, who has ventured, on the strength of his own will and resources, to walk all but singly along a most perilous path. Recollections of former times also re-assure me. Were I to arrange and compute the value of their influences, I know not—if I have erred—how far I might not plead in palliation *Te Duce*.

You have not forgotten that small room, approached by the long passage, where our lamented friend Dr. JOHN REID once lived and studied. Free speech was there, free thoughts, and criticism unchecked. Youth passes, and with it many dreams and impulses. We think, when we begin, that we are to storm the world, but alas ! the world too often storms us. Many find it safest to capitulate, and permit themselves to be sold. Still all these early impulses are not foolish. For myself, I would cherish, as before, fair hopes of success and auspicious fortune; but, foremost, that old and firm resolve, to remain, whatever betide, by Honesty and Intellectual Independence.

I have the honour to be,

SIR,

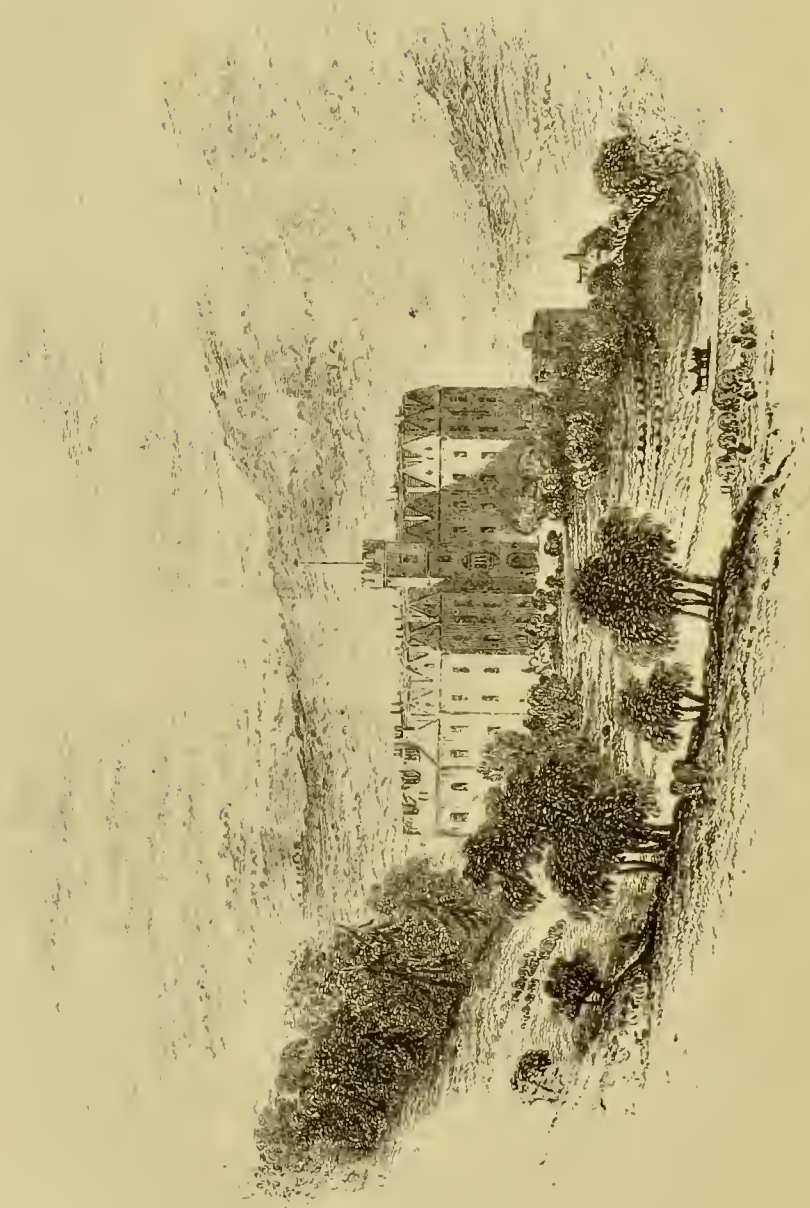
Your obedient Servant,

WILLIAM MACLEOD.

TO PROFESSOR J. Y. SIMPSON,

&c. &c.





New Buildings.

EXTRACTS

FROM

BEN RHYDDING PROSPECTUS.

“As the forms in all organic existence, so must all curative power, proceed from within,—regulated by fit agents acting upon the organism. This thought ought ever to be the physician's guiding star, for, should it be otherwise, his practice must necessarily be erratic and dangerous.”—DR. MACLEOD.

ABOUT a mile from the village of Ilkley (the Olicana of the Romans), and on a bold eminence overlooking the picturesque valley of the Wharfe, stands the edifice of BEN RHYDDING, devoted to the greatest medical discovery of the nineteenth century—THE WATER CURE.

The pure springs and exhilarating air, as well as the extensive and varied scenery of this district, have made it a favourite resort of invalids; and, certainly, no spot in England combines more of those peculiar features which so powerfully contribute to the success of the Water Cure in removing disease. On this point, the testimony of the late editor of the *Medico-Chirurgical Review*, must be considered worthy of all confidence. This gentleman, writing of the district, says: “Here then is the very counterpart of Gräfenberg, *with a more bracing air than that of Malvern, and*

water quite as pure." Here, therefore, was formed a few years ago, at an expense of nearly £30,000, the Hydropathic Establishment of Ben Rhydding, which is now under the exclusive management of Dr. William Macleod, Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians of Edinburgh, &c. The estate consists of about 200 acres of ground: a great part of which is laid out with a view to the advantage and pleasure of the patients—affording them opportunities for varied exercise, and communicating, also, with the extensive moors which crown the hills for many miles on both sides of the valley of the Wharfe. The House is furnished with every accommodation and comfort requisite for, or consistent with the system of the Water Cure; nor have any means been neglected to obtain for the invalid the usages and attentions of a private home, so far as they are attainable in such an institution. It is capable of receiving above sixty patients and friends who may accompany them. The dining room and drawing room are lofty and spacious; and there are twelve private sitting rooms, all commanding beautiful views. The bedrooms are each fitted with a bath, and an unlimited supply of water; and there are, besides, several bathrooms, each containing a plunge bath and a douche; as well as hot water, hot air, and vapour baths, and steam apparatus for local application in cases of stiffened joints from gout, rheumatism, affections of the nerves, &c. In the adjoining woods there are also two, more powerful douches, one for ladies and the other for gentlemen.

On a large terrace, levelled for the purpose, a gymnasium has been erected and furnished with apparatus suited to various degrees of strength and various kinds of muscular action; and similar apparatus has also been provided for ladies in a room connected with the house; and the exercises, both of the ladies

and gentlemen, are performed under the direction of a gymnast. A billiard room and library are also provided, and there is a covered walk in the garden for exercise in wet weather; and a bowling-green for amusement in fine weather.

It is the earnest wish of Dr. Macleod, that his Establishment should be found in no respect unworthy of its unsurpassed natural advantages, both in regard to external convenience, and to every practice, whether exclusively hydropathic or not, which modern science and experience commend as sound and salutary. For, he conceives the only safe path in the treatment of disease, in the present state of medicine, to be that of a discriminating eclecticism—taking helps from all. Hydropathy has now emerged from the condition in which it required argument and persuasion to obtain attention to its claims. It has survived the ridicule and opposition of the enemies of everything that is new, and is unshaken by the assaults and animosity of professional prejudice; and what is, perhaps, better evidence still of its soundness and vitality, it has suffered little damage even from the mistakes of rash and uninstructed advocates. On the success of the water-treatment generally therefore, or of the practice of it in this particular establishment, it is neither necessary nor becoming to enlarge. But Dr. Macleod thinks it important to request attention to two practical suggestions.

The first is, that so far from water being (as some persons suppose) an agent not sufficiently efficacious for grave or inveterate ailments, its power is so great that serious and lasting injury may ensue from its indiscriminate or ill-directed use in disease. The most critical part of the duty of the hydropathic physician is to determine, from time to time, the nature and the degree of treatment which the condition of his patients may require, or be

able to bear without danger. The second suggestion is that it is a mistake to suppose that, because the water treatment is more agreeable in hot weather than cold, it is, therefore, more efficacious. The fact is, that just the contrary is true, inasmuch as the getting warm by exercise, and not merely by the sun or a fire, is an essential part of the treatment. There are, indeed, not many weeks in the year in which the temperature at the elevated position of Ben Rhydding is too high for successful water treatment; but this remark is made in order to obviate the erroneous impression that the cold months of the year are unsuitable for it. For several years the establishment was deserted in winter; but now that the system is more generally understood, an abundance of patients resort hither at that time, with the advantage of more speedy relief than they would probably have obtained at what they would, no doubt, have fancied the more natural season for irrigation of the human frame.

The number of patients usually frequenting the house has so much increased, that it has been found expedient to give up what was originally instituted as the Hotel Department, and to adapt the whole of the rooms to the accommodation of patients. And after this year (1853) the charges for patients, and visitors not under the treatment, will be as follows:—

CHARGES.

Patients' Department.

	£.	s.	d.
Introductory consultation fee, (renewable after an absence of six months).....	1	1	0
Board, lodging, medical attendance, and baths for one patient, per week.....	3	10	0
Patients under twelve years of age.....	2	12	6

Patients are charged by the week, and no deductions are made from charges, on patients being away any portion of the week.

Patients can bring with them the blankets and sheets for bathing, or purchase them in the house.

Visitors' Department.

	£.	s.	d.
Board and lodging, per week.....	2	9	0
" " a child above eight and under twelve years.....	2	0	0
" " a child under eight years.....	1	0	0
" Private servants—men.....	1	4	0
" " " women.....	1	1	0
Board and lodging, per day.....	0	7	6
" " a child above eight and under twelve years.....	0	6	0
" " a child under eight years.....	0	3	0
" " a private servant.....	0	3	6
A private sitting-room, per day.....	3s. to	0	4 6
A private sitting-room, per week.....	from £1 1s. to	1	10 0
Private sitting-room fire, per week.....	0	5	0
Bed for a single night.....	0	3	0
Bedroom fires, per week.....	0	4	0
For a single breakfast or tea.....	0	2	0
Dinner at the hydropathic table, two o'clock.....	0	2	6
Serving meals in private rooms, for a family, per week.....	1	1	0
" " for single visitors.....	0	10	6
Bath, one a day, per week.....	0	5	0
For single, do.....	0	1	0

Bath attendants, waiters, chambermaids, porters, and boots, are included in the above charges.

N.B.—Breakfast or teas out of the public room, 1s.—Dinners, 2s. each additional, if more than two, one-half.

NO GRATUITIES ALLOWED.

Charges for Patients in the Village of Ilkley,

Which is about one mile from the Establishment, and affords comfortable lodgings and experienced bath attendants.

	£.	s.	d.
Introductory consultation fee.....	1	1	0
For medical attendance, with the use of the douche and pleasure grounds of Ben Rhydding.....	1	11	6
For Medical attendance alone.....	1	1	0

Dr. Macleod visits Ilkley daily, for the purpose of attending patients there. And although resident in the Establishment, yet he is in readiness, at all hours, to give his attendance when necessary in the Village. Baths at Ben Rhydding, as Dr. Macleod may direct, per week, 15s.

Ben Rhydding is sixteen miles from Leeds, seven from Bolton Abbey, about two and a half hours' distance from Fountains' Abbey, Harrogate, and Manchester; three from York and Liverpool, seven and a half from London, and eight from Edinburgh and Glasgow. Omnibuses run daily from the Arthington Station on the Leeds Northern Railway, and three times a week from Skipton, on the North Western Railway. As the arrangements of the trains and omnibuses vary from time to time, persons wishing to come to Ben Rhydding are recommended to write to the Manager (directing Ben Rhydding, Otley), for information; and, if desired, private carriages will be sent from the establishment to either of the above stations or to Leeds, or the Apperley Bridge Station, on the Leeds and Bradford Railway.

Carriages and horses may at all times be had, for driving or riding, from the stables of the establishment, and accommodation is also provided there for carriages and horses belonging to visitors. The charges for these may be learnt at the office.

THE MOST DIRECT ROUTES

FROM VARIOUS PARTS IN ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND,
TO BEN RHYDDING.

From Brighton to London, by London and Brighton Line, thence to Leeds by the Great Northern Line.

From Southampton by South Western Line to London, thence by Great Northern to Leeds.

From Bath to Bristol, thence to Leeds.

From Oxford to Rugby, thence to Leeds.

From Warwick to Rugby, thence to Leeds.

From Gloucester to Birmingham, thence to Leeds.

From Leamington to Rugby, thence to Leeds.

From Peterborough by Great Northern to Leeds.

From Boston to Lincoln, thence to Leeds.

From Leicester to Nottingham, thence to Leeds.

From Nottingham to Leeds.

From Hull to Leeds.

From Sheffield to Leeds.

From Huddersfield to Leeds.

From Scarborough to York, thence to Leeds.

From Lichfield to Derby, thence to Leeds.

From Stafford to Manchester, thence to Skipton.

From Doncaster to Leeds.

From Gainsborough to Leeds.

From Goole to Leeds.

From Rotherham to Leeds.

From Pontefract to Leeds.

From Shrewsbury to Manchester, thence to Skipton.

From Crewe to Manchester, thence to Skipton.

From Chester to Manchester, thence to Skipton.

From Birkenhead to Liverpool, thence to Skipton.

From Stockport to Manchester, thence to Skipton.

From Harrington to Manchester, thence to Skipton:

From Blackpool to Preston, thence to Skipton.

From Fleetwood to Preston, thence to Skipton.

From Bolton to Haslingden, thence to Skipton.

From Bury to Haslingden, thence to Skipton.

From Rochdale to Halifax, thence to Bradford.

From Lancaster to Skipton.

From Kendal to Lancaster, thence to Skipton.

From Aberdeen to Glasgow, thence by Caledonian Line to Skipton.

From Dundee to Glasgow, thence by Caledonian Line to Skipton.

From Perth to Glasgow, thence by Caledonian Line to Skipton.

From Edinburgh by Caledonian Line to Skipton.


From Berwick to Thirsk, thence to Arthington (late Poole)

From Newcastle to Thirsk, thence to Arthington (late Poole.)

From Carlisle to Skipton.

EXTRACTS
FROM
'OBSERVATIONS ON THE WATER CURE.'
BY DR. J. RUTHERFORD RUSSELL.

TAKEN FROM THE 44TH NUMBER OF THE BRITISH
JOURNAL OF HOMŒOPATHY.



This paper of Dr. Russell's is marked by great liberality of spirit, and a just discrimination. We fully agree with all that is contained in it, and trust that the medical profession generally will follow his advice, and employ in private practice that care and caution which are essential for the proper development of the Water Practice.—*W. M.*

EXTRACTS, &c.

THE Water Cure is, in its theory, much more nearly allied to the Allopathic than to the Homœopathic system. It seeks to accomplish, by the use of water, the same kind of effects which the old school attempts to gain by drugs: that is, to produce certain general commotions of the animal economy, which shall result in the restoration to health: and the only distinction between the two—a very important one it is—consists in the fact, that the means employed are innocuous even if unsuccessful, and that measures are taken for securing the best possible conditions to promote recovery, during the period the body is put through its purgation. The water-cure may be considered as a sort of rectified spirit of old physic—a distillation which separates the grosser and offensive parts from the pure, simple, and limpid: the residue being those impurities which medicine

has contracted throughout its descent from the primitive age of Hippocrates; and this spirit being a restoration of the fine natural system which was taught and practised by the priests of Hygæa. * * * My belief, founded upon considerable observation to the perusal of the scanty literature of the subject, is, that there is an exceptional, although numerous class of invalids whose complaints will altogether defy the best and most patient homœopathic treatment, and who will rapidly improve under a course of water-treatment, and also, that there are several of the applications of water which might be advantageously employed as auxiliaries to homœopathic treatment.

In enumerating the cases in which water treatment seems to me unquestionably advantageous, I should not wish to be understood, to limit its applicability to those cases alone, for I do not profess to have made sufficient study of the subject to attempt to fix its limits; all I am prepared to do is to point out some few well marked maladies, for which I have reason to believe this system is certainly suited, and in which, as far as my own experience has gone, I

have had but unsatisfactory results from medical homœopathy.

The first case I select for illustrating this position, is one to which the objection may arise, whether recovery could not have been effected under homœopathic treatment. My belief is, that it might, but that it would certainly have been a very tedious case, and that it was such a case as we should be in no way particularly ambitious of staking the credit of homœopathy upon. It is related by the distinguished patient himself, Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, and done so pleasantly and well, that, although somewhat long, it well repays perusal.

“I have been a workman in my day,” he says; “I began to write and to toil, and to win some kind of a name, which I had the ambition to improve when yet little more than a boy. With strong love for study in books—with yet greater desire to accomplish myself in the knowledge of men—for sixteen years, I can conceive no life to have been filled with more occupation than mine. What time was not given to action was given to study; what time not given to study, to action—labour in both! In a constitution naturally far from strong I allowed no pause or respite. The wear and tear went on without intermission—the whirl of the wheel never ceased. Sometimes, indeed, thoroughly overpowered and exhausted, I sought for escape. The physicians said ‘travel,’ and I travelled; ‘go into the country,’ and I went. But in such attempts at repose all my ailments gathered

round me—made themselves far more palpable and felt. I had no resource but to fly from myself, to fly into the other world of books, or thoughts, or reverie—to live in some state of being less painful than my own. As long as I was always at work it seemed that I had no leisure to be ill—quiet was my hell. At length the frame, thus long neglected, patched up for a while by drugs and doctors, put off and trifled with as an intrusive dun—like a dun, who is in his rights, brought in its arrears; crushing and horribly accumulated through long years! Worn out and wasted, the constitution seemed wholly inadequate to meet the demand. The exhaustion of toil and study had been completed by great anxiety and grief. I had watched, with alternate hope and fear, the mournful death-bed of my dearest friend—of the person around whom was entwined the strongest affection my life had known; and when all was over I seemed scarcely to live myself. At this time, about the January of 1844, I was thoroughly shattered: the least attempt at exercise exhausted me; the nerves gave way at the most ordinary excitement; a chronic irritation of that vast surface we call the mucous membrane, which had defied for years all medical skill, rendered me continually liable to acute attacks, which, from their repetition and the increased feebleness of my frame, might at any time be fatal. Though free from any organic disease of the heart, its action was morbidly restless and painful. My sleep was without refreshment; at morning I arose more weary than I had laid down to rest * * * * I resolutely put away books and study, sought the airs which the physicians esteemed most healthful, and adopted the strict regimen, on which all the children of Esculapius so wisely insist. In short, I maintained the same general habits as to hours, diet, (with the exception of wine, which, in moderate quantities, seemed to me indispensable), and so far, as my strength would allow of, exercise, as I found afterwards instituted

at Hydropathic establishments. I dwell on this, to forestall in some manner, the common remark of persons not well acquainted with the medical agencies of water—that it is to the regular life which water-patients lead, and not to the element itself, that they owe their recovery. Nevertheless, I found that all these changes, however salutary in theory, produced little practical amelioration in my health. All invalids know, perhaps, how difficult in ordinary circumstances is the alteration of habits from bad to good; the early rising, the walk before breakfast, so delicious in the fertility of freshness and vigour, which they bestow upon the strong, often become punishments to the valetudinarian. Headache, languor, a sense of weariness over the eyes, a sinking of the whole system towards noon, which seemed imperiously to demand the dangerous aid of stimulants, were all that I obtained by the morning breeze, and the languid stroll by the sea shore. The suspension from study only affected me with intolerable *ennui*, and added to the profound dejection of the spirits. The brain, so long accustomed to morbid activity, was but withdrawn from its usual occupation to invent horrors and chimeras. Over the pillow, vainly sought two hours before midnight, hovered no golden sleep. The absence of excitement, however unhealthy, only aggravated the symptoms of ill health * * * *

“The first point which impressed and struck me was the extreme and utter innocence of the water cure in skilful hands—or any hands indeed not thoroughly new to the system. Certainly when I went I believed it to be a kill-or-cure system. I fancied it must be a very violent remedy; that it doubtless might effect magical cure, but that if it failed it might be fatal. Now I speak not only of my own case, but of the immense number of cases I have seen—patients of all ages, all species and genera of disease, all kinds of conditions of constitutions—when I declare, upon my honour, that I never witnessed one dangerous

symptom produced by the water cure. * * * * *

The next thing that struck me was the extraordinary ease with which good habits are acquired, and bad habits relinquished. The difficulty with which under orthodox medical treatment stimulants are abandoned is here not witnessed. Patients accustomed for half a century to live hard and high—wine drinkers, spirit bibbers, whom the regular physician has sought in vain to reduce to a daily pint of sherry—here voluntarily resign all strong potations; after a day or two cease to feel the want of them; and reconcile themselves to water as if they had drank nothing else all their lives. Others who have had recourse for years and years to medicine, their potion in the morning, their cordial at noon, their pill before dinner, their narcotic at bed-time—cease to require these aids to life, as if by a charm. Nor this alone. Those to whom mental labour has been a necessary, who have existed in the excitement and stir of the intellect, who have felt these withdrawn, the prostration of the whole system, the lock to the wheel of the entire machine, return at once to the careless spirits of the boy in his first holiday. Here lies a great secret; water thus skilfully administered is in itself a wonderful excitant; it supplies the place of all others; it operates powerfully and rapidly upon the nerves, sometimes to calm them, sometimes to irritate, but always to occupy. Hence follows a consequence which all patients have remarked—the complete repose of the passions during the early stages of the cure; they seem laid asleep as if by enchantment. The intellect shares the same rest. After a short time mental exertion becomes impossible; even the memory grows far less tenacious of its painful impressions; cares and griefs are forgotten; the sense of the present absorbs the past and the future; there is a certain freshness and youth which pervade the spirits and live upon the enjoyment of the actual hour. Thus the great agents of our mortal wear and tear—the passions and the mind—calmed

into strange rest, nature seems to leave the body to its instinctive tendency, which is always towards recovery. All that instructs and amuses is of a healthful character. Exercise, instead of being an unwilling drudgery, becomes the inevitable impulse of the frame, braced and invigorated by the element. A series of re-actions is always going on—the willing exercise produces refreshing rest. The extraordinary effect which water, taken early in the morning, produces on the appetite is well known amongst those who have tried it even before the water cure was thought of—an appetite it should be the care of the skilful doctor to check into moderate gratification; the powers of nutrition become singularly strengthened; the blood grows rich and pure; the constitution is not only mended, it undergoes a change. The safety of the system then struck me first; its power of replacing by healthful stimulants the morbid ones it withdrew, whether physical or moral, surprised me next. That which thirdly impressed me was no less contrary to all my pre-conceived notions. I next fancied that, whether good or bad, the system must be one of great hardship, extremely repugnant and disagreeable. I wondered at myself to find how soon it became associated with pleasurable and grateful feelings, as to dwell upon the mind amongst the happiest passages of existence. For my own part, despite of all my ailments, or whatever may have been my cares, I have ever found exquisite pleasure in the sense of *being*, which is as it were the conscience, the mirror of the soul. I have known hours of as much and as vivid happiness as can fall to the lot of man, and amongst all my brilliant recollections I can recal no period of enjoyment at once more hilarious and serene than the hours spent on those lovely hills; none in which nature was so thoroughly possessed and appreciated. The rise from a sleep sound as childhood's; the impatient rush into the open air, while the sun was fresh and the birds first sang; the sense of an unwonted strength in every limb and nerve, which made so light

the steep ascent to the holy spring ; the delicious sparkle of that morning draught ; the green terrace on the brow of the mountain, with the rich landscape wide and far below ; the breeze that once would have been so keen and biting, now but exhilarating the blood and lifting the spirits into a religious joy ; and this keen sentiment of present pleasure, seconded by a hope sanctioned by all I felt in myself, and nearly all I witnessed in others, that that very present was but the step, the threshold into an unknown and delightful region of health and vigour—a disease and a cure dropping from the frame and the heart at every stride.”

This case is especially interesting, as illustrating the immediately anodyne influence of the water treatment upon the brain and whole nervous system. This observation I have had frequent opportunities of making ; and those who have felt the importance of having some safe anodyne at their command in the treatment of disorders of the cerebral and nervous systems, will fully appreciate the importance of this discovery. We think it fortunate for science that so skilful a painter as Sir E. L. Bulwer has given two such pictures as these here presented—the one of his feelings before, the other after his water cure. Nor do we regret the omission of all details of his treatment ; the important point for us practically is, that it was effected at a Water Establish-

ment, and that it required all the accessories of such an institution, including mountain air, fine scenery, good weather, to effect the result.

The next case we shall quote presents interesting features both of resemblance and of contrast:—

“For several years, a lady 48 years of age, had been subject to most distressing and alarming head symptoms, intense prostrations, headaches, giddiness that caused her to reel, bursting sensation of the skull, violent irritating pains constantly in the head. To these were added great nervousness, bound bowels, constant feverishness, vehement flushings of the face, and cold feet. The pulse was large, but yielding and most irregular; appetite small, sleep very much disturbed. She had undergone violent medication at the hands of the first provincial and metropolitan authorities, whose object appears to have been to derive powerfully from the head by such remedies as five grains of calomel at night, with some drastic draught in the morning; whilst little attention seems to have been given to the diet. However, between the original malady and the excessive irritation set up by the medicinal treatment, the nerves both gagic and cerebral, and their centres, were in the most alarming condition.” The treatment was the following:—

“August 1st.—Hot fomentatives to the abdomen for an hour at bed time. The flannels changed every ten minutes, and a wine-glass full of cold water drunk at every change. Damp compress on the bowels to be worn night and day. From three to four tumblers of cold water to be taken during the day, to be taken in small quantities at a time. Breakfast of cold toast and a little butter—no liquid whatever. For dinner, three ounces of animal food—mutton, beef, poultry or game, three times a week, with as little liquid as possible. On other days

the dinner to consist of a cup of cocoa, with cold toast and butter, or of some farinaceous pudding eaten nearly cold, very weak and almost cold tea. The pulse becoming less hard and bounding.

“August 4th.—Packed in wet sheet for an hour before breakfast, dripping sheet after it. All the rest as before.

“August 5th.—The same, except that the shallow bath was used instead of the dripping sheet after the packing. The patient remained four minutes in it, was well rubbed, and had water repeatedly poured over her head.

“August 9th.—Sitz bath at 70° for a quarter of an hour at noon, was added to the above. Did not agree, headache came on an hour or two afterwards.

“August 12th.—Packing and shallow bath before breakfast, a foot bath of cold water, with some mustard flour in it, for ten minutes, twice in the day; fomentations at night, abdominal compress, three or four tumblers of water. This was the treatment up to the tenth.

“August 27th.—The head suffering a good deal, ordered foot bath of mustard and water; also that the nape of the neck should be rubbed for fifteen minutes with the same mixture. Head immediately relieved. This instead of the packing.

“August 28th.—Packing as usual, then foot baths in the course of the day.

“Sept. 2nd.—Pulse considerably reduced by the long continued packing, fomentations, &c. Somewhat inclined to hysterics too; nervous headache. All these signs indicated that the lowering process had been carried as far, or at least as fast as the system could bear—therefore on the 3rd ordered only the cold shallow bath before breakfast, and the foot baths as usual.

“Sept. 4th.—Shallow bath on rising; foot baths as usual; sitz bath at noon for half an hour. Rode out in a wheel chair at two o'clock for half an hour; came home and vomited copiously

until five o'clock. Here was the beginning of an *internal crisis*, which the packing, fomentations, &c., by removing the irritative state of the internal organs, had enabled them to effect; the nervous condition of the second was the symptom of the commencing effort which terminated in this manner. The matter vomited consisted of clear, frothy mucus, mixed with a black, tenacious, and heavy substance. A cold sitz bath for quarter of an hour after it, and fomentations at night; removed all traces of the emetic tumult.

"Sept. 5th.—Shallow bath in the morning: foot and hand baths three times in the day; sitz bath for half an hour at noon, and a quarter of an hour at five p.m. Discharge of blood from the bowels in the morning. Another character of the internal crisis; head altogether free from pain, and she said she felt lighter and better than she had ever done.

"Sept. 6th.—Treatment as above. Fomentations at bedtime; walked more than a mile steadily; much better to-day. In the course of the night colicky pains, followed by free diarrhœa, the bowels aching twice.

"Sept. 7th.—Treatment the same. Walked and then drove out for an hour. Felt better than she had done from the beginning.

"Sept. 8th.—Nothing but the shallow bath; but as she became languid from going to church she took a foot bath, which soon restored her. Quite well in other respects.

"Sept. 10th.—Some little feverish disturbance induced me to order a packing to-day. Foot, hand, and sitz baths as before. Head became bad from too long a drive. Fomentations at bed time.

"Sept. 11th.—After a good night felt well; ordered foot bath. Suddenly seized with copious vomiting and purging. Took sitz bath after them, and went out quite well.

"Sept. 13th.—Walked out twice and drove once; packed in

the morning in wet sheet. Two sitz baths, and two foot baths, and several hand baths in the day. A considerable quantity of blood passed through the bowels.

“Sept. 15th.—Sick again.

“Sept. 19th.—Head from last week perfectly well and admitting of a good amount of exercise. This day, however, she overdid it, and the head became bad in the night. Had not packed for three days, but on account of the increased headache, she, on

“Sept. 20th.—Packed. Did not walk out at all, took one foot and one sitz bath, and a drive.

“From this time to the 24th.—When the patient left, she continued to take the shallow bath in the morning, two foot baths and two hand baths. Throughout the latter month of the treatment, the vomiting and purging with occasional discharge of blood from the bowels continued in various degrees, but only three days are noted when either of these were excessive. Fomentations were frequently employed at night for twenty or thirty minutes, according to the transitory condition of the head; when it was worse, with increased strength of pulse, they were used; when it was bad, without that sign, additional foot baths and sitz baths were beneficially taken. She left on the 20th September.

“It should be recalled that previously to trying the water treatment this lady whose position in society is high, had been rendered incapable of entering it; the excitement of the smallest *ré-union* was too much for her heart, besides which the headaches were so frequent and so intense, that she could form no engagement with the smallest certainty of being able to fulfil it, whilst her increasing deafness was daily rendering society impossible and distasteful to her. Neither could she find pleasure in travelling: for ten or twelve miles in the easiest carriage was more than she could bear in one day. But after,

going through the above treatment all was changed. Her headaches had gone. The restoration of her hearing was her restoration to society. And the *certainty* she had, that at any time when the head had been tried by talking or listening, she could put herself to rights with a wet sheet and a foot bath, rendered the life worth preserving which had been for a long time previously intolerable."

We have selected this somewhat long case for quotation for several reasons. We cannot but regard it as one of unequivocal cure by water treatment, not merely of recovery during the process; the length of the previous illness, the immediate relief afforded, the ultimate completeness of the restoration of health, entitle it to rank as a cure. It is, besides, a very characteristic cure; it was attended by those wonderful *crises* which remind one of the medicine of the ancients; the improvement so frequently corresponded with a crisis as to leave no doubt that the two stood to one another in the relation of cause and effect. It would lead to too long a digression to enter into a full discussion of those critical discharges, but there are some practical inferences from their occurrence it would be well to bear in mind. Without returning to assert that, in every case, these violent perturbations of the system are

the result of setting loose the drugs which have been previously taken, we cannot but think it is not improbable that such may be the case; for in the course of treatment, the perspiration is described as becoming impregnated with the most disagreeable odours, and in some cases gamboge and other drugs are distinctly recognised. Now, it is hardly possible that when such drugs are dissolved by the water imbibed into the system, and enter into the circulation, as they must do before they are thrown off by the cutaneous secretion, that they should not display some of their characteristic effects on the system; so that the copious draughts of water, and the solicitation of the augmented mass of fluid in the body to the skin, forcing it, in this way, to permeate a great extent of capillary circulation, must have the same effect as injecting into the blood a solution of various medicinal substances, diluted by a large quantity of water. In this respect, indeed, the water-drinking and sweating process resembles the trituration of our inert mineral medicines, by which their activity is brought into play.

Having now attempted to ride the marches, as it were, of the province of the water cure in its character of an independent power, asserting well-grounded claims over a peculiar and definable class of subjects, let us pass on to the second important consideration of the matter, and try to ascertain what water appliances may be usefully adopted by us as simple auxiliaries to homœopathic practice. Nothing is more desirable, in the present state of homœopathy, than the addition of safe palliatives. This must be felt by all practitioners, and we are constantly in danger of losing cases, from our inability to afford immediate relief without risking or greatly retarding the ultimate radical recovery. Take, for example, a case of long standing habitual constipation of the bowels. Is it not most embarrassing, either to permit or countermand the use of some purgative? If we yield to the patients' importunities, we retard the cure, and, in some measure, descend from our vantage ground of principle, although we may be justified in so doing; if we hold out, the patient is made very wretched for many days, even weeks, and he may possibly throw up the treatment in disgust.

Now, it seems that water applications of many kinds are agreeable and innocuous palliatives, and it is right that we should number them among our resources. So that we shall briefly detail those which seem to us most useful, and indicate the kind of cases for which each is best adapted.

To begin with much the most celebrated and the most common, "*wet sheet or towel packing*," consists of the following process :—A bed is so prepared that laying a wet sheet upon it shall [not injure it. A sheet is dipped in cold water, and hung out so that it shall not drip. It is then spread upon the bed, and the person who is to undergo the process lies down flat on his back on this wet sheet. The attendant then folds the sheet over his trunk and lower limbs, leaving his arms free. He is then firmly enveloped in five or six folds of blankets, and allowed to remain in this state of humid mummyism for about an hour: he then gets out, and a wet sheet is usually thrown over him, with which he is forcibly rubbed; after undergoing this process for a minute or so, he is very thoroughly dried with towels, and so the affair ends. This is called wet sheet packing;

but instead of involving the whole body, it is sometimes desired to envelope only a part: it may be the trunk or the chest; in this case a wet towel is substituted for a wet sheet.

Although the process has been often described, and there has been a wonderful amount of extravagant talk and writing about it, yet the only attempt at a scientific determination of the physiological effect of this curious artifice of Priesnitz, that we are aware of, is contained in a work recently published by Dr. Howard Johnstone, entitled "Researches into the Effects of Cold Water upon the Healthy Body, to Illustrate its Action in Disease;" and from this work we shall extract some tables of considerable interest:—

OPERATION 1ST—OF ONE HOUR'S DURATION.

	Pulse per minute.	Respiration per minute.	
Before the process	104	24	
Immediately after	84	32	
10 minutes after	76	28	Feels warm all over.
20 " " "	72	24	
30 " " "	66	24	Still warm and continuing so during the rest of the operation.
60 " " "	60	22	
In shallow bath	72	24	
In drying sheet	88	28	

Temperature of the wet sheet, which was still wet and steaming, 93° F.

Temperature of water in shallow bath raised from 48·50° F. to 49·25° F.

	St.	lb.	oz.
Weight prior to the operation.....	8	0	6½
Weight subsequent to the operation....	8	0	5½
Loss.....	0	0	1 oz.

“In this experiment it will be perceived that, on bringing the body in contact with the wet sheet, the pulse at once fell twenty beats in the minute—nearly one-fifth of its whole number of pulsations. It then for the space of one hour, that is the whole period of envelopment, continued gradually sinking till it counted only 80 strokes, being rather more than two-fifths less rapid than it was before the process.

OPERATION 2ND—OF ONE HOUR'S DURATION.

	Pulse per minute.	Respiration per minute.	
Before process	100	24	
Immediately after	72	36	
10 minntes after	72	28	Feels warm and comfortable, and continues so during the operation.
20 " " 	69	27	
30 " " 	64	18·5	
60 " " 	60	19	

Temperature of the wet sheet, still wet and steaming, 91° F.

Temperature of the water in shallow bath raised from 52° F. to 52.75° F.

	St.	lb.	oz.
Weight prior to the operation	8	0	0 $\frac{3}{4}$
'Weight subsequent to the operation ..	8	0	0
Loss.....	0	0	0 $\frac{3}{4}$ oz.

OPERATION 3RD—FOR ONE HOUR AND TEN MINUTES' DURATION.

	Pulse per minute.	Respiration per minute.	
Before process	100	24	
Immediately after	80	32	
10 minutes after	66	23.5	Feels warm and comfortable, and remains so throughout, becoming towards the end quite hot.
20 „ „	66	20	
30 „ „	62	23	
60 „ „	58	18	
70 „ „	58	18	
In shallow bath	96	26	
In drying sheet.....	77	27	

Temperature of the wet sheet, 93° F.

Temperature of the water in shallow bath raised from 48° F. to 49.33° F.

	St.	lb.	oz.
Weight prior to the operation	8	0	10 $\frac{1}{4}$
Weight subsequent to the operation....	8	0	9
Loss.....	0	0	1 $\frac{1}{4}$ oz.

OPERATION 4TH—OF ONE HOUR AND A HALF'S DURATION.

	Pulse per minute.	Respiration per minute.	
Before process	104	18	
Immediately after	82	40	
10 minutes after	72	23	Feels warm.

OPERATION 4TH—OF ONE HOUR AND A HALF'S DURATION—
CONTINUED.

	Pulse per minute.	Respiration per minute.	
20 minutes after	70	24	Feels quite hot, but moist. There is no perspiration on the forehead.
30 „ „	64	22	
60 „ „	63	19	
90 „ „	60	19	
In Shallow bath	74	26	
In drying sheet.....	84	26	

Temperature of the wet sheet, 93° F.

Temperature of the water in the shallow bath raised from 45·25° F. to 50° F,

	St. lb. oz.
Weight prior to the operation	8 0 7½
Weight subsequent to the operation....	8 0 6
Loss.....	<u>0 0 1½ oz.</u>

OPERATION 5TH—OF ONE HOUR AND FORTY MINUTES'
DURATION.

	Pulse per minute.	Respiration per minute.	
Before process	92	22	
Immediately after	64	32	
10 minutes after.....	64	24	Feels quite comfortable; no longer cold. Feels quite warm.
20 „ „	71	24	
30 „ „	64	22	
60 „ „	62·5.....	22	
1h. and 40m. after	53	22	
In shallow bath	84	21	
In drying sheet	84	29	

Temperature of the wet sheet, 90° F.

Temperature of the water in the shallow bath raised from 53° to 56° F.

	St.	lb.	oz.
Weight prior to the operation	8	0	4½
Weight subsequent to the operation....	8	0	2½
Loss.....	0	0	2 oz.

OPERATION 6TH—OF TWO HOURS AND A HALF'S DURATION.

	Pulse per minute.	Respiration per minute.	
Before process	96	19	
Immediately after	84	32	
10 minutes after.....	70	22	Becoming warm and comfortable.
20 „ „	72	22	
30 „ „	72	21	
1 hour after.....	64	21	
2 hours after	64	24	Forehead still dry.
2 hours and 30 min. after	64	27	No where sweating.
In shallow bath	76	24	
In drying sheet	76	24	

Temperature of the wet sheet, 95° F.

Temperature of the water in the shallow bath raised from 60·75° F. to 61·75° F.

	St.	lb.	oz.
Weight prior to the operation	8	1	7¾
Weight subsequent to the operation ..	8	1	5¼
Loss.....	0	0	2½ oz.

OPERATION 7TH—OF FOUR HOURS' DURATION.

	Pulse per minute.	Respiration per minute.	
Before process	72	17	
Immediately after	52	18	
10 minutes after.....	54	25	Getting slowly warm.
20 „ „	52	22	

OPERATION 7TH—OF FOUR HOURS' DURATION—CONTINUED.

	Pulse per minute.	Respiration per minute.	
30 „ „ 	48	18	Moderately warm: never hot.
1 hour after	44	18	
2 hours after	42	18.5	
3 „ „ 	42	18	
4 „ „ 	46	26	
In shallow bath	72	26	
In drying sheet	72	24	
Temperature of the wet sheet, 95° F.			

	St.	lb.	oz.
Weight prior to the operation.....	10	7	10
Weight subsequent to the operation ..	10	7	6½
Loss.....	0	0	3½

OPERATION 8TH—OF FOUR HOURS' DURATION.

	Pulse per minute.	Respiration per minute.	
Before the process.....	72	20	
Immediately after	54	20	After the first few minutes he describes himself as very comfortable but neither warm nor cold during the whole process.
10 minutes after.....	52	24	
20 „ „ 	47	25	
30 „ „ 	45	22	
1 hour after.....	42	31	
2 hours after	42	22	
3 „ „ 	43	26	
4 „ „ 	44	26	
In shallow bath	60	26	
In drying sheet	60	26	

Temperature of the wet sheet, 93° F.

	St.	lb.	oz.
Weight prior to the operation.....	10	6	8½
Weight subsequent to the operation ..	10	6	6½
Loss.....	0	0	1½

OPERATION 9TH—OF FOUR HOURS' DURATION.

	Pulse per minute.	Respiration per minute.	
Before the process.....	60	24	
Immediately after	56	25	Experiences what he calls a comfortable, pleasing, and sooth- ing effect, but is not decidedly warm.
10 minutes after.....	48	20	
20 „ „	46	25	
30 „ „	44	21	
1 hour after.....	42	19	
2 hours after	40	20	
3 „ „	40	19.5	
4 „ „	44	20	
In shallow bath	56	28	
In drying sheet	72	28	

Temperature of the wet sheet, 92° F.

Temperature of the water in the shallow bath raised from 47.50° to 49° F.

	St.	lb.	oz.
Weight prior to the process	10	6	0½
Weight subsequent to the process....	10	6	0
Loss.....	0	0	0½

The obvious deduction from these important experiments is, that wet-sheet packing acts as a direct sedative to the heart's action. It does not reduce the whole weight of the body to any appreciable amount, so that there can be but little loss by perspiration. The *rationale* of the operation seems to be, that heat is slowly abstracted from the body, while the temperature of the skin is maintained, so

that there is no sensation of cold. In fact, it might be called a slow dose of cold. The fall of the pulse and the general sense of languor and sleepiness, are exactly similar to what is described as the first effects of severe cold. And we cannot but regard it as a valuable discovery, that we should be able to command the action of the heart so effectually, without producing any unpleasant or dangerous symptoms. There are many cases of over-action of the heart, which are, in themselves, very distressing, and which often give rise ultimately to organic lesions, either of that organ, or of the brain, and which are sometimes difficult to subdue by any homœopathic medicines: in such cases, I am of opinion that wet-sheet packing might be resorted to with great advantage. Of its perfect safety, there seems to be but one opinion on the part of all who have had such experience of it as to make their testimony of any value.

Next in frequency to the wet-sheet packing, both on account of the novelty of the appliance, and its manifold utility, is the *wet compress*. This consists in a strip of sheeting, or table linen, of sufficient

breadth to reach from the pit of the stomach to the hips. So much of this is wetted as is enough to go round the body, except about four inches on each side of the spine; and several plies are then wrapped over it, so as completely to exclude the air and prevent evaporation; or, instead of this somewhat cumbrous method, a piece of mackintosh cloth is bound over the wet portion. This is frequently worn night and day, and is changed as often as it becomes dry. The operation of this constant poultice is of a very complicated kind. It acts by simple mechanical pressure upon the abdominal muscles, and gives relief in this way; it also acts as a soothing application when there is much irritation of the viscera, so that it has been called an opiate to the abdomen, and is found very beneficial in cases of nervous indigestion, attended with sensitiveness of the surface to pressure.

The value of local wet bandages in rheumatic inflammation of the joints is pretty generally admitted. They are used, at least cold water is employed, very freely by Dr. Fleischman, in the Vienna Hospital; and there seems no ground whatever for the notion,

at one time prevalent, that there was, a danger of their inducing a metastasis of the heart. On the contrary, the allaying of the pain, and the subsidence of the local inflammation, tend to prevent rather than to excite endocarditis, which, according to some very high authority, is a constant attendant, in some degree, of all acute rheumatism. The compress is said to be of use in that form of enuresis which depend upon over sensitiveness of the neck of the bladder. It is not found, generally, to be of any avail against neuralgic pains, although it is said that in paroxysm of sciatica, a large wet compress round the thigh gives pretty certain relief. After the compress is removed, the part should be washed with cold water, to prevent its too great sensitiveness to the air, on the same principle that the whole surface is sponged after a wet-sheet packing.

We consider that a case is now made out for admitting the wet compress into our using of auxiliaries, and employing it in various forms of nervous and mucous indigestion, as a sedative and aperient, as well as in local inflammations; and as far as my observation goes, it is not only quite

harmless, but positively agreeable to most patients. It would serve no good purpose to enter into a minute detail of all the various kinds of baths and other methods of applying water, employed by those who practice the water cure. It will be time enough to do so when they are agreed among themselves as to the particular cases for which each is appropriate. * * * * Nevertheless, as it is impossible for the physician to have too large a supply of resources in the management of the numerous, and tedious, and complicated diseases he may have to treat, it may be as well to mention one or two of the more favourite processes at present in vogue. One of the most agreeable is the *soap-lathering*, as it is called. This consists of covering the whole surface with soap, made into a lather with tepid water, by means of a piece of flannel, and then washing it off with pure tepid water. Of course, this is nothing but a simply detergent process, combined with more or less friction. It probably induces a more rapid and healthy exfoliation of cuticle than is usual, even in perfect health, and the soap, by uniting with the oleaginous matter, continu-

ally being secreted by the sebiparous glands, favours its ready expulsion from their ducts, which are intimately connected with the hair bulbs, and thus promotes the healthy growth of the hairs. The immediate relief given by this in many acute affections is worth knowing. I have at present under my care a gentleman affected with a very severe and long-continued attack of rheumatic ophthalmia, attended with intense pain in the head. His suffering is immediately relieved by the soap-lathering, and the feverish symptoms abate, and are succeeded by a sense of ease and comfort which it would be impossible for any medicine to afford. The effect is probably due to the soothing influence of the soap rubbing and washing, reducing the excessive sensitiveness of the nervous system, which makes the other nerves sympathise too keenly with the morbid sensation in the eye. Whatever the explanation may be, there is no reason any patients suffering from local inflammations of a similar kind, should not enjoy the alleviation afforded by this simple and cleanly process. And it is so agreeable, that many persons continue it after the reason for its

first administration has passed away, from the grateful general sensation it usually promotes in the system.

The dripping sheet is another highly fashionable appliance. A large sheet is dipped in cold water, and thrown over the patient so as to cover his head; the bath attendant then rubs his whole body very smartly with it, and afterwards dries it with a hardish towel. This produces a pleasant glow of the surface, and stimulates the whole system into a condition of conscious vigour. It is generally used in the morning, and is a very pleasant and healthy kind of cold bath.

The sitz bath is so familiar to all practitioners as not to require any special description. The immersion of the lower part of the trunk in water for half an hour at a time, more or less, has often a very beneficial effect in cases of constipation, hæmorrhoids, and leucorrhœa. It obviously acts at once as a sedative and gentle stimulant, allaying morbid irritability, and promoting the action of the muscular system of the abdomen. In common, I presume with most of my colleagues, I have long

been in the habit of employing this form of bath, and can confidently recommend it in the class of cases I have just indicated.

The douche belongs so exclusively to the province of the water-curist, that it would be profanation on the part of the uninitiated to speak of its mysteries; but there is a sort of miniature douche recommended, which is well worthy of our consideration, as tolerably precise indications are given for its use. The patient sits on a board placed across the lower end of a shallow or sitz bath, with his back turned towards the bath. The bath attendant then dips a towel into a large can of cold water, and rubs it up and down the length of the spine, not waiting till it is warmed by the patient's body, but constantly changing the water in the bowl, so as to renew the shock of the cold as often as possible. This is continued from three to ten minutes.

The operation of this application will be sufficiently obvious from what has preceded. It stimulates by the constantly renewed cold; and the reaction is so great as to amount to the sensation of burning along the track of the spine. Applied

too, as it is, immediately over a great nervous centre, it has a more direct and powerful action on the nerves of locomotion and sensation proceeding thence over the whole frame. By virtue of this it clears the head, when it is confused, pained, or lethargic; it gives alacrity to the limbs, and spreads over the skin a sense of comfort which is due to the stimulus propagated along its nerves. Further, by the sympathy with the organic nerves, it expels flatus from the stomach and intestines, and occasionally acts as a very speedy aperient. It seems to resemble in its effects the application of galvanism to the spine, and is certainly, on the whole, much more easy of administration, and attended probably with greater advantages. I have seen excellent effects from galvanism in cases of torpid bowels and imperfect digestion, depending on some forms of spinal irritation; and for such cases in future I should be inclined to try spinal washing in preference. Hand and foot baths are frequently used, and are said to relieve nervous headaches. A shallow foot-bath, taken at bedtime, is undoubtedly useful in warming the feet, when they are so cold as to interfere with

the sleep of the patient ; and the same remark applies to general washing of the whole body before going to bed.

With regard to the potations more than “ pottle deep ” of water so much in vogue, they have rather fallen into abeyance, but are still employed when there is torpidity of the system ; and a glass of cold water on rising in the morning not unfrequently produces a motion of the bowels, in persons subject to constipation, and supersedes all other treatment.

GYMNASTIC FREE EXERCISES.

The following Extract is from a Paper on Gymnastic Free Exercises by the late LING of Sweden. In this Paper, the author shows forcibly the importance of Gymnastics when judiciously directed. As the Exercises carried on at Ben Rhydding, are based upon Mr. LING's system, we have thought it might be of advantage to patients to give his views here.

UNDER the name of Free Exercises in the system of Ling, are included such exercises as are performed without the help of technical apparatus; for instance, masts, balancing beams, ropes, ladders, dumb bells, leaping bars, &c., &c.

The movements in the free exercises are done on the ground, if in the open air; on the floor, if within doors, without any supporting apparatus. There is a certain class of free exercises in which a support is used, but then it is not that of any technical apparatus,

but a living one, effected by a mutual apposition of the hands, arms, legs, &c., of the individuals performing the exercises.

The ultimate aim of rational gymnastics, is the harmonious development of the physical and psychical life of man; and this development may be attained by Ling's Free Exercises, which are an essential and complete branch of Pedagogical Gymnastics. Medical gymnastics make use of them principally in the after-cure or treatment of the convalescent. In military gymnastics, they form the wrestling exercises; and *Æsthetic* gymnastics consist of free exercises only. The highly celebrated Greek gymnastics consisted, with but few exceptions, of these free exercises alone, and the results which were produced by them on the population of Greece are a sufficient proof of their efficiency. The different species of free exercises consist:—1st, in movement of the limbs on the spot, and without reciprocal support. 2nd, in movements from the spot, and without support. 3rd, in movements with support. 4th, in wrestling exercises. 5th, exercises belonging to the *Æsthetic* gymnastics.

Gymnastic exercises consist in movements of the body. All movements require space and time, and gymnastic movements require a determined form of space and time. It is the settled and determined amount of space and time in which the movement must be made, that gives such movement a value, not only in developing the body, but with regard to the effect on the mental and physical nature of man.

To raise the arms from a hanging position, in a loose, random way, without thinking, and to stretch them in the air, can have little corporal effect, and certainly no mental one; but to stretch the arms in a manner and direction, and with a velocity all previously determined, and exactly prescribed, and then to move their different parts (upper and fore arm, hand and fingers) precisely as determined and commanded, this is an exercise which, independent of the physiological effect on these limbs, tends to awaken and sharpen the sense of space and time.

To learn to leap very far or very high, it is not necessary to have special gymnastic instruction, but to be enabled to leap in a certain way with the least possible expenditure of power, with great certainty

and precision, with graceful ease, with nice regard to distance, &c., &c.,—this is a matter calling for skilful and systematic instruction; and such a system constitutes gymnastics.

The different forms of gymnastic free exercises, with regard to space, depend, of course, principally on the articulations of the frame, and the pliability of the limbs in this or that direction, according to their anatomical structures. The position in which the body is when about to execute a certain movement is called *the commencing position* of that movement.

The commencing position may, therefore, vary infinitely in the free exercises; for instance, we have the fundamental position, stride position, walk position, close-feet position, stretch position, &c.

The *fundamental position* is the ordinary perfectly upright position; the heels close, and the feet forming a right angle with each other.

The *close position* differs from the previous only in this, that the internal edges of the feet are brought together.

The *stride position* is taken by sliding the feet

sideways from each other, until there is a certain interval between them.

The *walk position* is assumed by setting one foot forward as if going to take a step, or similarly backwards.

The *stretch position* has the arms stretched vertically upwards.

Compound commencing positions are formed of two or several simple ones ; as for instance, the stretch close position, in which the arms are in the stretch, and the feet in the close position.

The different forms of gymnastic movements, with regard to space, are effected also by other causes besides those before mentioned. This is principally the case in those free exercises in which the person moves from the spot, and in which the line of movement describes certain symmetrical figures. Thus it is possible, in the walk and run exercises, to move in a straight, circular, and serpentine line, &c., and each of these modes of moving from the spot has some special characteristic with regard to the developing influence of the exercise. The greatest diversity in the different forms, with regard to space,

is exhibited when a large number of persons move together, according to a certain model form, acting in concert as a tactically articulated whole, forming groups, and executing different evolutions.

In the forms of the exercises, with regard to time, the following is to be observed:—

The importance of the rhythmus and time of the movements is very great. The single motions of the exercises are to be compared to a speech spoken in an articulated manner, inasmuch as the articulation of words during speaking consists in movements of certain muscles and parts of the body done in a certain time. Each syllable which is pronounced is a motion, and each word is a movement, and when several words are pronounced and follow each other according to a determined metrical law, then the movements of the organs of speech become rhythmical movements, as, for instance, in declamation.

Therefore for both groups of movements—for the movements of speech, as well as for the movements of the limbs—there exist the same laws of metre. The metrical development of the speech is made

an important object of education ; but with regard to the exercises of the limbs, the metrical laws have been very little, or not at all thought of ; and it is a great advantage of Ling's gymnastics that this is made one of the principal features.

Tempo (time, motion) is a measure of time, or of the celerity with which a movement is made. Celerity, however, is but a relative term ; as the movement, which, in one point of view, is a slow one, may, in another, be a quick one. To fix its value, therefore, we must assume as a standard a certain limit of measure, in the same way as in the determination of space. From the habit of using the astronomical division of time in the usual pursuits of life, a notion of quick and slow is pretty common among men ; and a tolerably uniform idea is attached by all to those terms.

The general distinction into slow and quick time is not enough. It is necessary also to consider how the movements follow each other, and are dependent on each other. Even movements apparently the most simple—as for instance, a pace, a jump, a fencing pass &c.—are all compounded of simple

elements. The most simple leap comprises a raising of the heels, a flexion of the foot and knee joints, &c., forming the first part of the leap; a strong stretching of different joints, &c., in order to spring from the ground; and, finally, another flexion and stretching of the different limbs, in order to finish the leap and return to the previous upright position.

Thus, in so simple a movement as the leap, there are three principal parts, clearly distinguishable, which follow each other; and each of these parts consist of smaller ones also distinguishable. Therefore, for a complete consideration of the leap, we have not only to see that it is done with a certain amount of quickness, but that the different motions follow each other in a certain way, and in a certain time, and that the separate motions bear a determined relation to each other with regard to time. A perfectly simple movement would be a movement in which only one articulation is moved; it is similar to a syllable of speech, or to a monosyllabic word pronounced by itself. In the same way as in parts of speech, a compound word, a phrase, a sentence, constitute a definite and intelligible ex-

pression of our thoughts, so a compound movement tends to a definite end, answering to its purpose if executed with the appropriate articulation.

As each simple movement with regard to the *tempo*, involves a certain measure of time, so the compound movements, and those which follow each other, may also be executed in a certain measure of time, or in so many single consecutive measures. It is an indispensable quality of the rational teacher to divide each movement into its constituent motions or elements, and to mark them during their performance by counting. This is not the place to show that it is only in this way we can become conscious of the form and signification of each movement, or the exercises become conscious actions. This is also the cause why gymnastic exercises are not only a means for the development of the body, but also for that of the mental and spiritual man. The mind is taught to govern the body, and every articulation and limb is habituated to a prompt and ready obedience to the will.

The measure of time, or the *tempo*, must also be viewed in a special way, as far as it regards the

gymnastic free exercises. If we see a whole series of movements, either one exercise repeatedly executed according to a certain law, or different exercises following each other according to a similar law, then we have the rhythmus; the movements become rhythmical and the various motions appear as parts of a certain measure of time. Military marching may serve as an instance. It consists of one principal movement, the repeatedly executed pace, which being alternately done by both feet appears as a double movement, which in its repetitions produces the movement of walking, and this, if the same *tempo* is observed for both feet, and for the repetitions, becomes a rhythmical walking or marching. Each pace is a *tempo*, a part of a measure which finishes with the setting down of the advanced foot.

The special rhythmical relations of walking and marching, as well as in general of all the advancing foot movements, are made sensible, either by directing our attention principally to one foot while the other is comparatively disregarded, and thereby to our imagination the steps of the first foot appear the heavier and stronger, or the rhythmus may be

observed, by marking more prominently the steps of one of the feet, or in general certain steps, which are, so to speak, somewhat more accentuated, either by a really more vigorous tread; or by resting longer with one foot on the ground, or by executing at certain steps corresponding movements of other limbs (clapping together of the hands, for instance, inclination of the upper part of the body, &c.); in this way originate rhythmical forms of time, which show themselves as determined metrical articulations. To exhibit movements in such pleasing and beautiful forms is an essential branch of *Æsthetic* gymnastics. Here gymnastics enter into the most intimate sisterhood with music; nay, in these exercises and representations, they are music itself.

THE END.



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